

★ Jan. 30, 1937

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# NEW YORKER



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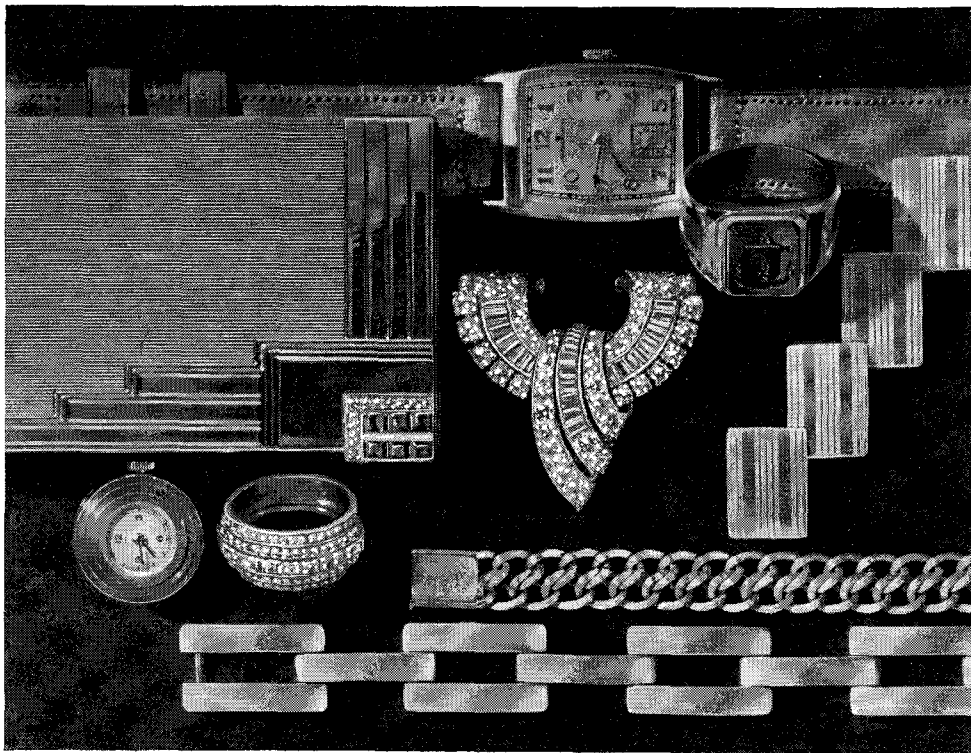
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## THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the mid-week matinee will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.

### PLAYS

**BOY MEETS GIRL**—A tale of Hollywood, but much funnier than usual. In fact, just about as funny as you will get. Allyn Josslyn, Joyce Arling, Millard Mitchell, and others. (Cort, 48, E. B'ryant 9-0046. 8:50 P.M.)

**BROTHER RAT**—A comedy of life at Virginia Military Institute which involves baseball and—well, life at Virginia Military Institute. Frank Albertson, Eddie Albert, Jose Ferrer, and others. (Biltmore, 47, W. CHickering 4-5161. 8:45 P.M.)

**THE COUNTRY WIFE**—If you like old-fashioned adultery (and we mean old-fashioned), you will love this bit of Restoration comedy. Anyway, you will adore Ruth Gordon. (Henry Miller, 43, E. B'ryant 9-3970. Mat. Thurs. May close Sat., Jan. 30.)

**DEAD END**—Life at the end of a New York street, where crook and river meet. You have probably seen it, but if you haven't, do. (Belasco, 44, E. B'ryant 9-5100. Mat. Thurs.)

**THE ETERNAL ROAD**—A vast and beautiful pageant, dealing with the saga of the Jewish race as contained in the Old Testament. The combination of Max Reinhardt and Norman Bel Geddes has produced a spectacle which is something to marvel at. (Manhattan Opera House, 34, W. of 8 Ave. Wisconsin 7-4294. 8:30 P.M. Mats. 2:30 P.M.)

**HAMLET**—You have only three days left to see John Gielgud's portrayal of the Melancholy One, with help from Judith Anderson, Lillian Gish, and Arthur Byron. (St. James, 44, W. Lackawanna 4-4664. 8:25 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:25 P.M. Closes Sat., Jan. 30.)

**HIGH TOR**—A fantasy-melodrama-tone-poem, all about ghostly goings-on along the Hudson, with plenty of slapstick and Maxwell Anderson "metered prose." Burgess Meredith, Peggy Ashcroft, Charles D. Brown, Harold Moffet, and Thomas W. Ross. (Martin Beck, 45, W. PEnnsylvania 6-6100.)

**IDIOT'S DELIGHT**—Last performances of Robert Sherwood's brilliant play about the splendid war that is just around the corner. Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt, Richard Whorf, and others. (Shubert, 44, W. Lackawanna 4-7175. Mat. Thurs. Closes Sat., Jan. 30.)

**STAGE DOOR**—What girls in an actresses' club talk about, set down with humor and feeling by George Kaufman and Edna Ferber. Margaret Sullivan as head girl. (Music Box, 45, W. CHickering 4-6160. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

**TOBACCO ROAD**—Fourth year. With James Barton. (Forrest, 49, W. Lackawanna 4-6890.)

**TONIGHT AT 8:30**—Those two very engaging performers, Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence, in a series of Mr. Coward's one-act joys and sorrows, each bill an assortment which should please every taste. "Ways and Means," "Still Life," and "Family Album": Eves. of Jan. 28, 30, and Feb. 5; Aft. of Feb. 3. "Hands Across the Sea," "The Astonished Heart," and "Red Peppers": Eves. of Jan. 29, Feb. 1 and 3; Aft. of Feb. 6. "We Were Dancing," "Fumed Oak," and "Shadow Play": Aft. of Jan. 30; Eves. of Feb. 2, 4, and 6. (National, 41, W. PEnnsylvania 6-8225.)

**TOVARICH**—High-class comedy dealing with exiled Russian nobles working in Paris as house servants. Marta Abba and John Halliday. (Plymouth, 45, W. Lackawanna 4-6720.)

**VICTORIA REGINA**—Selected incidents in the life of England's Queen, from girlhood to Diamond Jubilee, made remarkable in the theatre by the performance of Helen Hayes. (Broadhurst, 44, W. Lackawanna 4-1515. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:30 P.M.)

**THE WINGLESS VICTORY**—Katharine Cornell in one of her best acting moods as a Malay princess who has the misfortune to end up in Salem, Massachusetts, with a sea captain. The play is by Maxwell Anderson. (Empire, B'way at 40. PEnnsylvania 6-9541.)

**THE WOMEN**—Thirty-five women at each other's throats in a highly entertaining fashion, if you don't mind venom. Margalo Gillmore, Ilka Chase, Betty Lawford, Phyllis Povah, and many others. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CHickering 4-2728.)

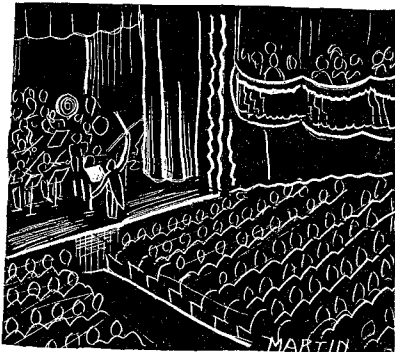
**YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU**—A mad family which undeniably will be a fixture in New York society. The funniest play so far. Josephine Hull, Henry Travers, Paula Trueman, George Tobias, and others. (Booth, 45, W. CHickering 4-8168.)

### WITH MUSIC

**RED, HOT AND BLUE!**—Ethel Merman, Jimmy Durante, Bob Hope, and Cole Porter music. Isn't that enough? (Alvin, 52, W. Columbus 5-4114. Extra performance Sun. Eve., Feb. 7, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

**THE SHOW IS ON**—There is no reason you shouldn't find Beatrice Lillie magnificent, Bert Lahr convulsing, Reginald Gardiner tiptop, and

## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



### A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6.]

the show entertaining. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. Circle 7-5161. Mat. Thurs.)

**WHITE HORSE INN**—The successful Continental operetta made big, beautiful, and just a little vulgar for the American trade. The cast includes Kitty Carlisle, William Gaxton, Robert Halliday, and many, many more. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. Columbus 5-6535. Extra Mat. Fri., Feb. 5, for the Actors Fund.)

### OPENINGS OF NOTE

(You'd better verify the dates; managers often change their minds.)

**AND NOW GOODBYE**—Philip Howard's dramatization of James Hilton's novel, with Philip Merivale and Marguerite Churchill. Opens Tues., Feb. 2. (Golden, 45, W. CHickering 4-0144. 8:40 P.M.)

**HEY, DIDDLE, DIDDLE**—A comedy by Bartlett Cormack, with Conway Tearle, Martha Sleeper, Alice White, and others. Opens Wed., Feb. 3. (Vanderbilt, 48, E. B'ryant 9-0134. 8:40 P.M.)

**FREDERICKA**—A Franz Lehár operetta based on the life of Goethe. The cast includes Dennis King, Helen Gleason, and Ernest Truex. Opens Thurs.,

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### THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET

TELEPHONE

ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300

EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

Feb. 4. (Imperial, 45, W. CHickering 4-0360. 8:30 P.M.)

**RICHARD III**—Shakespeare's play, with Maurice Evans in the title rôle. Others in the cast are Ian Keith, Augustin Duncan, Olive Deering, Whitford Kane, and Margaret Webster. Opens Fri., Feb. 5. (St. James, 44, W. Lackawanna 4-4664. 8:20 P.M.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

**TIDE RISING**—A play by George Brewer, Jr., with Grant Mitchell, Tamara, Paul Everton, Frank McCormack, and others. (Lyceum, 45, E. B'ryant 9-0546. 8:40 P.M.)

**RUTH DRAPER**—This is announced as her last performance of the season: Sun. Eve., Jan. 31, at 8:45. (Morosco, 45, W. Lackawanna 4-2520.)

**NAUGHTY-NAUGHT**—A drama of life at Yale in 1900, to the pleasant accompaniment of self-imposed singing and drinking. (American Music Hall, 141 E. 55. Plaza 3-2106. 9 P.M.)

**FRENCH THEATRE**—"Si Je Voulais," a comedy by Paul Géraudy and Robert Spitzer: through Jan. 30; and Feb. 3-6. Performances Wed. through Fri. Eves. at 8:30; and Sat. Aft. at 2:30. (Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58. Circle 7-7000.)

**SUNDAY NIGHTS AT NINE**—An informal Sunday evening's entertainment, with Vandy Capc, Miriam Marmein, the Yale Puppeteers, and others. (Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58.)

**WPA PRODUCTIONS**—"It Can't Happen Here," a dramatization of Sinclair Lewis's novel by the author and J. C. Moffitt. (Adelphi, 54, E. Circle 7-7582. Weekdays at 8:30 P.M.)... Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe." (Daly's, 63, E. Circle 7-5852. 8:30 P.M.)... A revival of Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus." (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. CHickering 4-5715. 9 P.M.)... "Sweet Land," by Conrad Seiler, produced by the Negro Youth Unit. (Lafayette, 7 Ave. at 131. Tillinghast 5-1424. 8:45 P.M.)... "Flight," produced by the Theatre for Youth: Thurs. and Fri. Afts. at 4; Sat. Aft. at 2:30. (Heckscher, 5 Ave. at 104.)

**FOR CHILDREN**—The Puppet Show, Ltd., presenting Remo Bufano's Marionettes: Fri. and Wed. Afts. at 4; Sat. at 11 A.M., 2 and 4 P.M. (Macdowell Club, 73, E. of Lexington)... Sue Hastings Marionettes: Sat. Aft., Jan. 30, at 2:15. (Brooklyn Academy of Music)... "Aucassin and Nicolette," by the King-Coit Children's Theatre: Sat. Aft., Jan. 30, at 4. (Children's Theatre, 135 E. 40.)

### DANCE RECITALS

**CAROLA GOYA**—In her first recital of Spanish dances this season: Sun. Aft., Jan. 31, at 2:45. (Guild, 52, W.)

**UDAY SHAN-KAR**—Another series of performances by the Hindu dancer and his troupe of sixteen dancers and musicians: Sun., Tues., Sat., and Sun. Eves. Jan. 31, Feb. 2, 6, and 7, at 8:45; Sat. Aft., Feb. 6, at 2:45. (46th Street, 46, W.)

**MARTHA GRAHAM**—And her group: Sat. Eve., Feb. 6, at 8:15. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16.)

**ANGNA ENTERS**—Another chance to see the celebrated choreomime: Sat. Eve., Feb. 6, at 8:30. (McMillin Theatre, Columbia University.)

### AFTER-THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

**AMBASSADOR**, Park at 51 (Wickersham 2-1000)—The Trianon Room has Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Cobina Wright presents Leonard Sillman's "New Faces" revue. Dress preferred.

**BALT**, 161 E. 54 (Wickersham 2-6570)—Jim Moriarty's place, with Roger Steele's orchestra and a floor show entitled "Park Avenue to Reno."

**BILTMORE**, Madison at 43 (Murray Hill 2-7920)—Horace Heidt and his Brigadiers provide the dance music and entertainment in the Bowman Room.

**COG ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PLaza 3-8887)—Hugo de Paul's orchestra plays in the Mirror Room. There's also Tisdale's Trio.

**ESSEX CASINO-ON-THE-PARK**, 160 Central Pk. S. (Circle 7-0300)—Nat Brandwynne and his orchestra play in this room that looks out on Central Park.

**LARUE**, 45 E. 58 (VOLunteer 5-6374)—The Fantasy Room offers music by Eddie Davis's orchestra and songs by Peggy Strickland and Betty Bryant. Dress preferred.

**MERRY-GO-ROUND**, 49 E. 54 (ELDorado 5-7262)—Formerly the Maisonnnette Russe de Paris. Tony Sarg has redecorated the bar, and there's music by Horacio Zito's and Boris Koretsky's orchestras.

**MON PARIS**, 142 E. 53 (ELDorado 5-9800)—Gene Fosdick's dance music with songs by Lawrence White.

**MONTFARNASSE**, 50 E. 79 (BUTterfield 8-2345)—Joseph C. Smith's orchestra plays for dancing in this attractive uptown spot. Dress preferred.

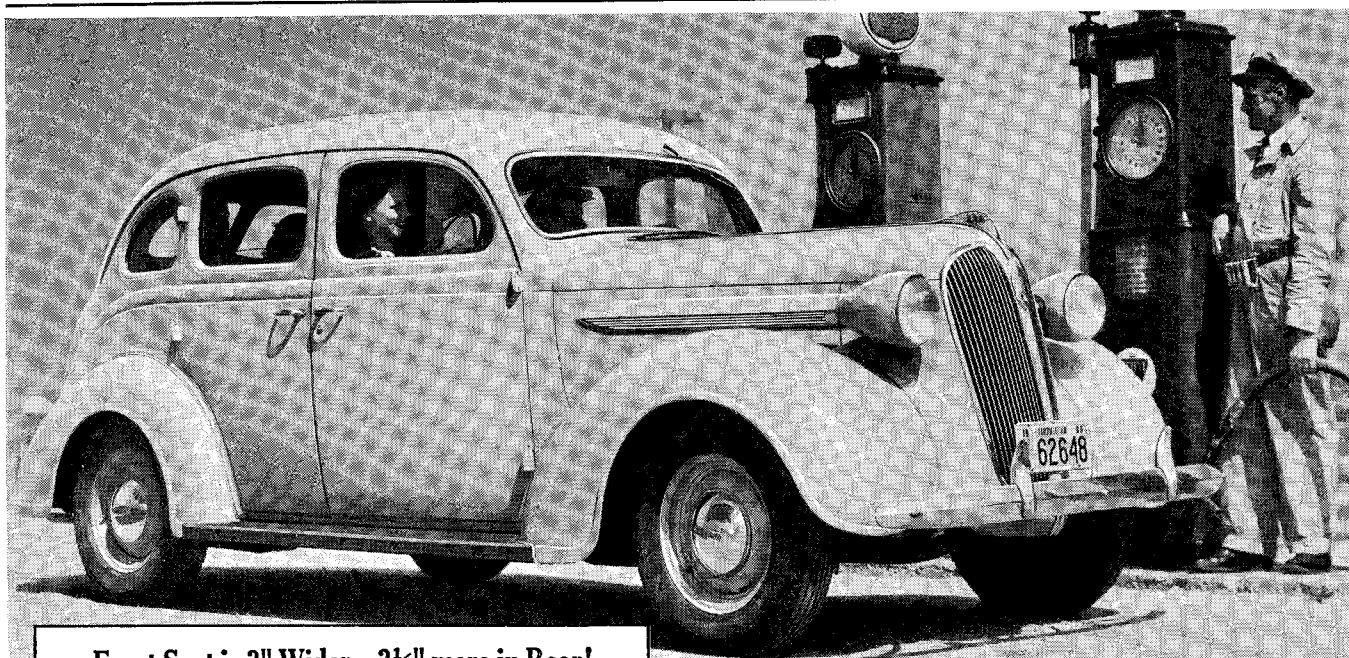
**EL MOROCCO**, 154 E. 54 (ELDorado 5-8769)—The perennial East Side favorite offers music by Ernie Holst's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. Dress preferred.

**PLAZA**, 5 Ave. at 58 (PLaza 3-1740)—Eddy Duchin and his orchestra play for dancing in the Persian

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by F-R Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; P. D. Hoyt, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, advertising manager. Subscription \$5.00. Vol. XII, No. 50, January 30, 1937. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1937, by the F-R Publishing Corporation in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker.

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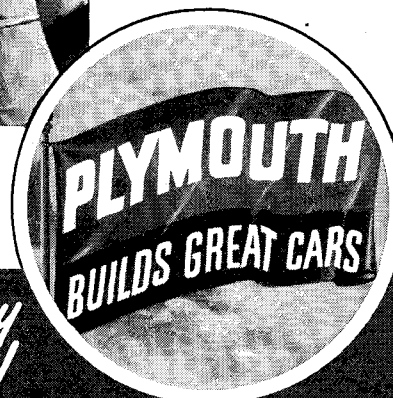
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Room. Dances by the DeMarcos. Pancho's orchestra and the Hartmans open Mon., Feb. 1. Must dress.

**RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg., 30 Rockefeller Plaza (Circle 6-1400)**—The bill here includes dances by Maurice and Cordoba and roller-skating by the Olympic trio. Glen Gray's Casa Loma and Don Azpiazu's orchestras play for dancing. Must dress. . . Johnny Hamp's orchestra plays in the adjoining Rainbow Grill; to be replaced by Emery Deutsch's orchestra on Wed., Feb. 3.

**RITZ-CARLTON, Madison at 46 (PLaza 3-4600)**—The Crystal Garden has Basil Fomeen's orchestra and an entertaining little revue staged by George Hale. Must dress.

**RUSSIAN EAGLE, in the Sherry-Netherland, 5 Ave. at 59 (Volunteer 5-2800)**—Under the direction of General Lodijensky, with Alexander Bunchuk's orchestra. Raphael and his concertina, and other entertainment. Dress preferred.

**St. MORITZ, 50 Central Pk. S. (Wickersham 2-5800)**—The Restaurant de la Paix has Jack Sherr's orchestra, tap dancing by Miriam Verne, and singing by Charlie Wright.

**St. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PLaza 3-4500)**—Emil Coleman's orchestra plays in the Iridium Room. Entertainment by Jack Powell and the Reading Twins. Must dress. . . The Maisonette Russe offers Cornelius Codolban's music and Russian entertainment.

**SAPHIRE ROOM, 151 E. 57 (ELdorado 5-7860)**—Guido's attractive place, formerly the Embassy Club, with Barry Winton's orchestra. Dress preferred.

**SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (Volunteer 5-2600)**—Emile Petti leads the orchestra in the Café Lounge. Endor and Farrell sing at midnight.

**STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PLaza 3-1940)**—Popular after-theatre rendezvous. Music by Sonny Kendis and Gus Martel.

**VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (ELdorado 5-8028)**—Where Broadway meets Park Avenue. Sylvia Froos, Borrah Minevitch, and others provide the entertainment, with music by the Meadowbrook Boys and a tango band.

**WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (ELdorado 5-3000)**—The Sert Room offers songs by Eve Symington, dances by Mario and Floria, and music by Leo Reisman's and Eddie Le Baron's orchestras. Must dress. . . The Empire Room is open for supper dancing Sat. Eves. only, with Michael Zarin's orchestra.

**ZELLI'S ROYAL BOX, 130 E. 58 (Wickersham 2-9612)**—Decorated to represent a square in Montmartre, with Joe Zelli as master of ceremonies, and a show featuring Diana Ward. Music by Ellis Thomson's and Danny's orchestras.

**DANCE ORCHESTRAS HERE AND THERE**—Eddie Lane: Della Robbia Room of the Vanderbilt, Park at 34 (ASHland 4-4000). . . Vincent Lopez: Astor Grill, B'way at 44 (BRYant 9-2100). . . Benny Goodman: Pennsylvania Madhattan Room, 7 Ave. at 33 (PENnsylvania 6-5000). . . Guy Lombardo: Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 46 (Vanderbilt 3-9200). . . Abe Lyman and Arthur Ravel: Terrace Room of the Hotel New Yorker, 8 Ave. at 34 (MEDallion 3-1000). . . Jerry Blaine: Park Central Cocoonat Grove, 7 Ave. at 56 (Circle 7-8000). . . Enoch Light: McAlpin, B'way at 34. . . Joe Zatur: Shelton, Lexington at 49. . . Isham Jones: Blue Room of the Lincoln, 8 Ave. at 44. . . Hal Hope: Montclair Casino, Lexington at 49. . . Ozzie Nelson: Lexington, Lexington at 48. . . Bobby Hayes: Edison Hotel Green Room, 46, W. of B'way. . . Dave Schooler: Georgian Room of the Piccadilly, 227 W. 45. . . Mal Hallett: Palm Room of the Commodore, Lexington at 42. . . Roy Strom: Salon Madrid of the Fifth Ave. Hotel, 5 Ave. at 9. . . Ray O'Hara: Governor Clinton, 7 Ave. at 31. . . Bill McCune plays in the "61" Club at the Bossert, 61 Remsen St., Brooklyn Heights.

**NOTES**—Places offering music and casual entertainment, where you might drop in for a drink and a bite to eat during the course of an evening: Netherland Bar, 5 Ave. at 59; Weylin Bar, Madison at 54; Armando's, 54 E. 55; Elysee Monkey Bar, 56 E. 54; Beverly Bar, Lexington at 50; Bill's Gay Nineties Bar, 57 E. 54; Gabriel's, 68 E. 56; Beachcomber Bar, 141 E. 55; Trouville, 112 E. 52; Le Mirage, 125 E. 54.

**BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE**—The French Casino, 7 Ave. at 50 (COLUMbus 5-7070), has a sumptuous new show, "French Casino Folies." Russ Morgan's (to be replaced by Clyde Lucas's on Feb. 1) and Vincent Travers' orchestras play for dancing. . . Other places with plenty of floor show: Paradise, B'way at 49 (Circle 7-1080); and Hollywood, B'way at 48 (CHickering 4-2572). . . Jack Dempsey's, 8 Ave. at 50 (Circle 7-6666), offers music by Jan Bruneco's orchestra. . . Jack White heads the entertainment at the 18 Club, 18 W. 52 (ELdorado 5-9858).

The Cotton Club, B'way at 48 (Lackawanna 4-7300), has an elaborate revue, with music by Cab Calloway.

If you're looking for swing music: The Onyx, 72 W. 52 (Wickersham 2-3619), with Stuff

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Smith; and Hickory House, 144 W. 52 (Circle 7-9524), with Teagarden, Trumbauer, and Teagarden. . . The Kit Kat Club, 152 E. 55 (ELdorado 5-8271), offers Negro entertainment. Go late.

**GREENWICH VILLAGE**—Mori's, 144 Bleecker (GRAMercy 7-8736), is an old favorite. Music by Eddie Roy's orchestra. . . The Black Cat, 557 W. B'way (GRAMercy 5-9033), has a colored show. . . Pleasantly informal and popular with out-of-towners: The Village Barn, 52 W. 8. . . Downtown rowdyssey: Jimmy Kelly's, 181 Sullivan (ALgonquin 4-1414).

**HARLEM**—The Ubangi Club, 7 Ave. at 131 (Tillinghast 5-9366), has a show featuring Gladys Bentley. . . Dickie Wells, 169 W. 133 (Tillinghast 5-8945), has a hot band; go late.

**FOREIGN ATMOSPHERE**—Cuban: Club Yumuri, 1678 B'way, at 52; and El Toreador, 7 W. 110 (University 4-8644). . . Russian: The Russian Kreichma, 244 E. 14 (TOMpkins Square 6-9784), and the Caucasian Eagle, 112 E. 55 (ELdorado 5-8072). . . Scandinavian: Valhalla, 141 W. 54 (Circle 7-9821); and Wivel, 254 W. 54 (COLUMbus 5-9251). . . Spanish: El Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CHelsea 2-4646), with a lively show; and Dimitri's Club Gaucho, 245 Sullivan (GRAMercy 7-4833), with dancing by Dimitri and Virgil.

## MOTION PICTURES

**AFTER THE THIN MAN**—Myrna Loy and William Powell again allied against the forces of crime. A lively mystery but not up to the first one. (Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; and State, B'way at 45; starting Thurs., Feb. 4; continuous from 1 P.M., 11:30 A.M., noon, 1 P.M., and 10 A.M., respectively.)

**BLACK LEGION**—Aspects of Michigan life in a thoroughly startling film. Humphrey Bogart as the major victim. (Strand, B'way at 47; through Fri., Jan. 29; continuous from 10 A.M.)

**BORN TO DANCE**—Eleanor Powell, James Stewart, Una Merkel, Reginald Gardiner, Buddy Ebsen, and Cole Porter music. Funny, gaudy, and good. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Fri. through Sun., Jan. 29-31; continuous from 1 P.M.)

**CAMILLE**—A rich and handsome Garbo film of a standard tragedy. Also to be noticed on the screen are Lionel Barrymore, Henry Daniell, and Robert

Taylor. (Capitol, B'way at 51; continuous from 10 A.M.)

**THE GARDEN OF ALLAH**—Marlene Dietrich and Charles Boyer Technicolor and torn by all the emotions of tragic love. (Mayfair, 7 Ave. at 47; Fri. through Sun., Jan. 29-31; continuous from 8:30 A.M. . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Mon. through Thurs., Feb. 1-4; continuous from 1 P.M.)

**GO WEST, YOUNG MAN**—From the play "Personal Appearance," and made no less reticent by the interpretation of Mae West. (Jefferson, 3 Ave. at 14; Fri. through Mon., Jan. 29-Feb. 1; continuous from 9 A.M. . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., Jan. 30-Feb. 1; continuous from 11:30 A.M.)

**REMBRANDT**—Commendable film of the artist's later days, with Gertrude Lawrence, Elsa Lanchester, and a fine, honest performance by Charles Laughton as the artist himself. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 28-Feb. 1; continuous from noon. . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Sun., Jan. 29-31; continuous from 9:30 A.M. . . Mayfair, 7 Ave. at 47; Mon. and Tues., Feb. 1 and 2; continuous from 8:30 A.M.)

**REUNION**—The Quintuplets pursue their distinguished career with tactful assistance from Jean Hersholt. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Thurs. and Fri., Jan. 28 and 29; continuous from 12:30 P.M.)

**YOU LIVE ONLY ONCE**—True love, murder, jail-break, and such things handled with exceptional skill and vigor. Beautifully and romantically presented with the help of Sylvia Sidney and Henry Fonda. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; starting Sat., Jan. 30; continuous from 10 A.M.)

**REVIVALS**—At the Plaza, 58, E. of Madison—"Fury," Thurs., Jan. 28; continuous from 1 P.M. . . At the World, 155 W. 49—"The Petrified Forest," Fri. through Mon., Jan. 29-Feb. 1; "Maedchen in Uniform," Tues. through Thurs., Feb. 2-4; continuous from 11 A.M. . . At the 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8—"Fury," Sat. through Mon., Jan. 30-Feb. 1; continuous from 12:30 P.M. . . At the Sutton Cinema, 3 Ave. at 57—"Come and Get It," Sat. through Mon., Jan. 30-Feb. 1; "Arrowsmith," Tues. and Wed., Feb. 2 and 3; continuous from noon. . . At Loew's 72nd Street, Lexington, and Ziegfeld—"Mutiny on the Bounty," Tues. and Wed., Feb. 2 and 3; continuous from 1 P.M., 11:30 A.M., and noon, respectively.

**FOR CHILDREN**—Suitable programs at the Lenox Picture House, 52 E. 78, Fri., Sat., and Sun. Afts. at 2:20 and 4.

**NOTE**—The new, Silly Symphony, "Three Blind Mousketeers," will be shown at the Music Hall, starting Thurs., Jan. 28; and at the Rivoli, starting Sat., Jan. 30.

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Beloved Enemy," with Merle Oberon and Brian Aherne as ill-starred lovers in a drama of Dublin revolution (in some editions there is a happy ending); "Lloyds of London," a costume piece with Freddie Bartholomew, Tyrone Power, and Madeleine Carroll; "Three Men on a Horse," funny and very like the play, with Frank McHugh and Joan Blondell; "Winterset," a superior film of the Maxwell Anderson play, with Burgess Meredith.

## OPENINGS OF NOTE

**THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS**—The film version of the O'Casey play. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; starting Thurs., Jan. 28; continuous from 11:30 A.M.)

**THE GOOD EARTH**—With Paul Muni and Luise Rainer. (Astor, B'way at 45; scheduled to open Tues., Feb. 2, 8:45 P.M.; daily thereafter at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.)

## ART

**AMERICANS**—Old and new Americans, from Newman and Eakins to Costigan and Prendergast: Babcock, 38 E. 57. Open 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 30. . . Superb show of Carroll, Watkins, and Brook, with emphasis on some splendid new paintings by Carroll: Rehn, 683 5 Ave. Open 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 30.

**ANCIENT**—Copies of first century Roman and seventeenth century Persian frescoes: American Women's Association, 353 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 30.

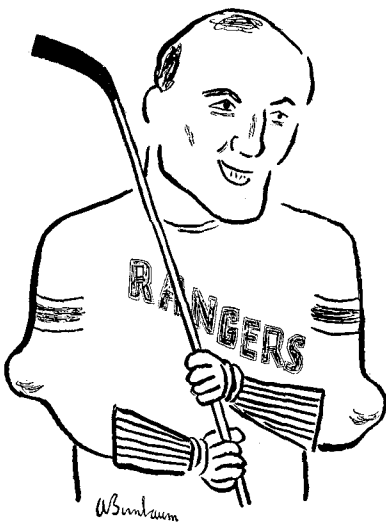
**CÉZANNE**—Series of superb water colors, plus some fine Renoir pencil drawings: Valentine, 16 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 30.

**CONSTANT**—Abstracts and figures by a painter who is tender and simple and sometimes too patently Redonesque: Boyer, 69 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

**COPLEY**—Fine chance to review seriously the first of the American expatriates, as well as the first important American painter: Gallery D-6, Metropolitan Museum of Art. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

**FRENCH**—French masters, Courbet to Seurat; Seligmann, 3 E. 51. Open 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 30. . . Another good show from Cézanne through Derain; also, a fine portrait of Derain by Jo Davidson: Marie Harriman, 61-63 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 30.

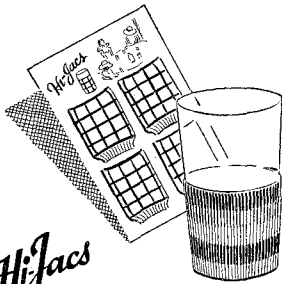
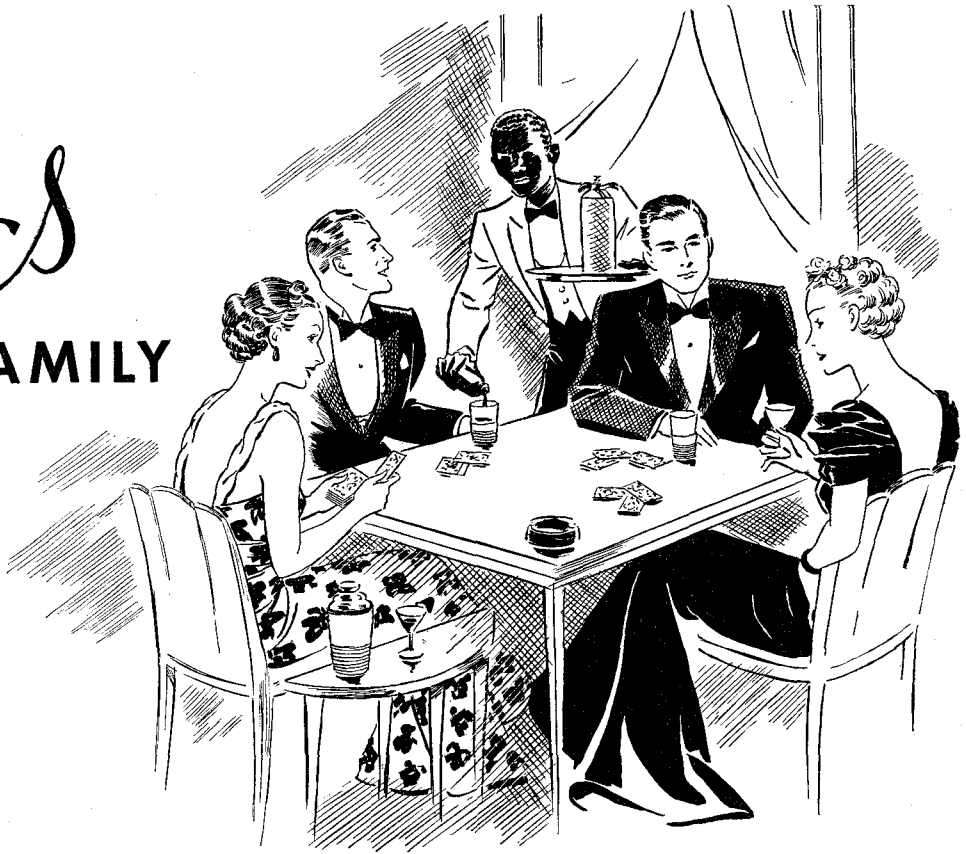
**ILLUSTRATIONS**—In the vein of humor: Artists



CHING JOHNSON,

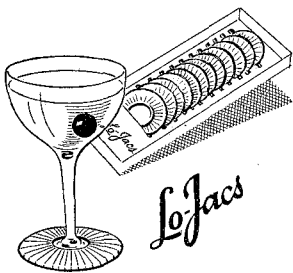
*who needs no introduction. You'll see him this week, getting into the middle of his eleventh season. Heaviest man in his league (214 pounds), one of the oldest (39 years), and definitely the most battered-up. Since he started, he has spent 29 weeks in the hospital, and has been sewn together with more than 1,250 stitches.*

# MEET THE *Jacs* FAMILY



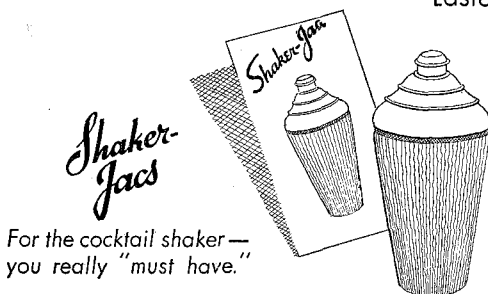
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For highball and drinking glasses of all kinds



*Lo-Jacs*

For cocktail glasses and stemware

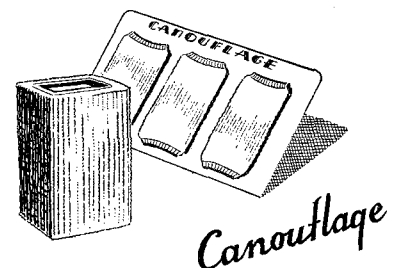


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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Guild, Room 819, Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

MARGULES—Forty improvisations and designs in water color: Artists' Gallery, 33 W. 8. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 10 P.M.; through Sun., Feb. 7.

MARIN—Astonishing show, which adds some grand paintings to the Marin of the Modern Museum's recent presentation: An American Place, 509 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 6 P.M.; through Wed., Feb. 3.

MUNICIPAL—1936 retrospective exhibition by resident New York artists: Temporary Galleries of the Municipal Art Committee, 62 W. 53. Open daily 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sun., Jan. 31.

PRINTS—Comprehensive survey of work done by WPA artists all over the country: International Art Center, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103. Open daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sun., Jan. 31. . . . Retrospective exhibition by John Taylor Arms, a meticulous transcriber of Gothic architectural forms. Also, one hundred prints, selected from the annual exhibition of the Society of American Etchers: Grand Central Art Galleries, 15 Vanderbilt Ave. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sun., Jan. 31.

ROCCO—Paintings by Crespi, the Bolognese master: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 6.

RODIN—Splendid series of drawings from the collection of an old pupil of Rodin's: Leonard Clayton, 108 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 30.

SEINE—River views by Monet, Renoir, Pissarro, and Sisley: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 30.

TAMAYO—Sombre oils and dashing gouaches by one of the good younger Mexicans: Julien Levy, 602 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 30.

UTRILLO—Splendid group of paintings of the White Period, 1911-1914: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Feb. 5.

VAN GOGH—Famous exhibition briefly reappears with two pictures never before shown in New York. Also, rugs designed by American artists: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.; Mon. 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Mon., Feb. 1. (Admission free Mon.; twenty-five cents other days.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM—Recent acquisitions; and a selection of water colors from the permanent collection: 10 W. 8. Open daily, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Feb. 5.

WPA—Sculpture in wood, plaster, and terra cotta by WPA artists: WPA Federal Art Gallery, 7 E. 38. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

MISCELLANEOUS—Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., unless otherwise noted—Sculpture by Anna Hyatt Huntington: American Academy of Arts and Letters, B'way at 155 (open 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M.). . . . Loan exhibition of paintings by Thomas Moran, N.A.: Newhouse, 5 E. 57; through Jan. 30. . . . Water colors by John Dos Passos: Pierre Matisse, 51 E. 57; opening Feb. 2. . . . Group show of work by Beckmann, Blumner, Chagall, Charlot, Friedman, and others: New Art Circle, 509 Madison. . . . Paintings by young Americans: Montross, 785 5 Ave.; through Feb. 6. . . . Sculpture by Ossip Zadkine: Brummer, 53 E. 57. . . . Drawings and lithographs by Peter Hurd: Associated American Artists, 420 Madison. . . . Early American portraits and contemporary water colors: Macbeth, 11 E. 57; through Feb. 1. . . . Water colors by Martin Gambee and oils by George Baer: Ferragil, 63 E. 57; through Jan. 30. . . . Water colors by Schnakenberg, and paintings of flowers by Glackens: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave. . . . Water colors by Carlos Merida: Georgette Passedoit, 22 E. 60; through Jan. 30. . . . Woodcuts by John J. A. Murphy: Walker, 108 E. 57; through Feb. 9. . . . Dry-points by Muirhead Bone: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. . . . Recent oils by Joseph Solman: Another Place, 43 W. 8 (open weekdays 1 to 6 P.M.; Sun. 7 to 10 P.M.). . . . Paintings by Springer and Leonid: Julien Levy, 602 Madison; starting Feb. 2. . . . Paintings by Nicholas Takis: Contemporary Arts, 41 W. 54 (also open Sun. 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.); through Feb. 6. . . . Lithographs by Odilon Redon: Keppel, 71 E. 57; through Jan. 30. . . . Water colors by Henri Lausucq: Argent, 42 W. 57; through Jan. 30. . . . Paintings by Peggy Maguire and Orren Loudon: Progressive Arts, 428 W. 57; through Feb. 6. . . . Pictures of the Battle of Jutland, and the surrender of the German fleet, by Ernest Clegg: British Empire Exhibition, 620 5 Ave. . . . Drawings, photographs, paintings, and sculpture of Isadora Duncan, an exhibition commemorating the tenth year since her death: Duncan School, 168 E. 51 (open 12 noon to 6 P.M.); from Jan. 29 through Feb. 4.

## MUSIC

(Unless otherwise noted, performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M. Listing is chronological.)

### RECITALS

RAYA GARBOUSOVA—Excellent 'cello playing: Town Hall, Fri. Eve., Jan. 29.

JOSEF HOFMANN—One of the piano events of any season. Standing room only: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Jan. 30, at 2:30.

JOSEPH SZIGETI—Concluding his series of remark-



[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6.]

able recitals covering representative violin music: Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Jan. 30, at 2:30.

MARIA KURENKO—Singing songs by many Russian composers, all with texts by Pushkin: Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Jan. 30.

EFREM ZIMBALIST—Another chance to hear this great violinist: Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16, Sat. Eve., Jan. 30.

ANDRES SEGOVIA—Much artistry on the guitar: Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Jan. 31.

NEW FRIENDS OF MUSIC—Brahms' chamber music and songs, with Florence Easton, Karl-Ulrich Schnabel, and the Gordon String Quartet: Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Jan. 31, at 5:30.

GASPAR CASSADÓ—Another recital by an excellent 'cellist: Town Hall, Sun. Eve., Jan. 31.

NATHAN MILSTEIN—Lots of good violin playing this time of year, and Mr. Milstein will add his share: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Feb. 2.

KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD—Her second recital this season, this time in the Town Hall Endowment Fund series: Town Hall, Wed. Eve., Feb. 3.

POVLA KRISH—Another concert by this unusual artist: Town Hall, Fri. Eve., Feb. 5.

## ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Enesco conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eves., Jan. 28 and Feb. 4, at 8:45; Fri. Afts., Jan. 29 and Feb. 5, at 2:30; Sat. Eves., Jan. 30 and Feb. 6, at 8:45; Sun. Afts., Jan. 31 and Feb. 7.

MUSEUM CONCERT—Mannes conducting: Metropolitan Museum of Art, Sat. Eve., Jan. 30, at 8. (No admission charge.)

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Lange conducting: Town Hall, Mon. Eve., Feb. 1, at 8:45.

DESSOFF CHOIRS—Boepple conducting: Town Hall, Tues. Eve., Feb. 2.

NATIONAL ORCHESTRAL ASSOCIATION—Barzin conducting. Mozart and Beethoven piano concerto series, with Rudolf Serkin as soloist: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Feb. 6, at 2:30.

WPA MUSIC—At the WPA Theatre of Music, 254 W. 54—Mozart-Haydn Chamber Orchestra Series: Fri. Eves., Jan. 29 and Feb. 5. . . . The Madrigal Singers, Engel conducting: Sun. Aft., Jan. 31, at 4. . . . Federal Symphony, Stassévitch conducting: Sun. Eve., Jan. 31.

## OPERA

METROPOLITAN—"Samson et Dalila," Thurs. Eve., Jan. 28; "Lohengrin," special benefit performance, Fri. Aft., Jan. 29, at 2; "La Traviata," Fri. Eve., Jan. 29; "Siegfried," Sat. Aft., Jan. 30, at 1:45; "Carmen," Sat. Eve., Jan. 30, at 8; Opera Concert, Sun. Eve., Jan. 31; "Tristan und Isolde," Mon. Eve., Feb. 1, at 7:45; "Die Walküre," Wed. Eve., Feb. 3, at 8; special performance of "Le Coq d'Or," with Lily Pons, preceded by "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Rosa Ponselle, Thurs. Aft., Feb. 4, at 2; "Caponsacchi," first performance of Hageman's opera, Thurs. Eve., Feb. 4, at 8; "Lohengrin," Fri. Eve., Feb. 5, at 8; "Aida," Sat. Aft., Feb. 6, at 2; "Rigoletto," Sat. Eve., Feb. 6.

At the Brooklyn Academy of Music: "Il Trovatore," Tues. Eve., Feb. 2, at 8:15.

## SPORTS

BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden: N.Y.U. vs. St. John's, and Manhattan vs. C.C.N.Y., Wed. Eve., Feb. 3, at 8:30.

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden: Joe Louis

vs. Bob Pastor, Fri. Eve., Jan. 29; preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Professional games at 8:45 P.M.: Rangers vs. Boston, Thurs. Eve., Jan. 28; Americans vs. Canadiens, Sun. Eve., Jan. 31; Rangers vs. Detroit, Tues. Eve., Feb. 2; Americans vs. Toronto, Thurs. Eve., Feb. 4. . . . Amateur games: Sun. Afts. at 2.

HORSE SHOW—First of three winter shows under the auspices of the Metropolitan Equestrian Club: Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94, Fri., Jan. 29.

INDOOR POLO—At Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94—Sat. Eve., Jan. 30: 112th Field Artillery vs. N.Y.A.C., at 8:30; Squadron A vs. Governors Island, at 9:30. . . . Sat. Eve., Feb. 6: Winged Foot vs. First Division, at 8:30; Winmont Farms vs. N.Y.A.C., at 9:30.

At Squadron C Armory, 1579 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn—Sat. Eve., Jan. 30: Squadron C vs. Winged Foot, at 8:30; Winmont Farms vs. Gypsy, at 9:30. . . . Sat. Eve., Feb. 6: 112th Field Artillery vs. Squadron C, at 8:30.

WRESTLING—At the 71st Regiment Armory, Park at 34, Mon. Eve., Feb. 1, at 8:30.

WINTER SPORTS NOTES—For latest information about snow trains and snow conditions phone: New Haven R.R. Ski Bureau, Murray Hill 2-3600; and New York Central Travel Bureau, Murray Hill 2-8000. . . . The Annual Dartmouth Winter Carnival will take place at Hanover, N.H., Fri. and Sat., Feb. 5 and 6.

## OTHER EVENTS

AVIATION SHOW—National Aviation Show: Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46; opening Thurs., Jan. 28, at 6 P.M.; daily thereafter, 11 A.M. to 11 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 6.

PUBLIC BALLS—The Old Guard Ball: Commodore, Fri. Eve., Jan. 29. . . . The Blue Ridge Ball: Plaza, Fri. Eve., Jan. 29. . . . The President's Birthday Ball, featuring a pageant, "The Nations' Tribute": Waldorf-Astoria, Sat. Eve., Jan. 30. . . . "A Night in Old Krakow," annual ball of the Kosciuszko Foundation: Waldorf-Astoria, Wed. Eve., Feb. 3. . . . Annual Russian Naval ball and dinner dance: Russian Eagle, Sherry-Netherland, Thurs. Eve., Feb. 4. . . . The Aviators' Ball: Pierre, Fri. Eve., Feb. 5.

BURTON HOLMES—At the Martin Beck Theatre, 45, W. of 8 Ave.: "Switzerland," Thurs. Aft., Jan. 28, at 2:45; "All Over France," Sun. and Thurs. Afts., Jan. 31 and Feb. 4, at 2:45, and Sun. Eve., Jan. 31, at 8:30.

AUCTIONS—At the American-Anderson Galleries, Madison at 57—Chinese porcelains and pottery: Thurs. Aft., Jan. 28, at 2. . . . American and English first editions, autograph letters, and manuscripts: Thurs. and Fri. Eves., Jan. 28 and 29, at 8:15. . . . French eighteenth-century furniture and decorations, paintings, Oriental rugs, and tapestries; the collection of Mrs. Talbot J. Taylor: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Jan. 29 and 30, at 2. . . . Library sets of American, English, and French authors, autograph letters, manuscripts, and first editions: Wed. and Thurs. Afts., Feb. 3 and 4, at 2.

NOTE—The Skating Pond in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center is now open daily 10 A.M. to noon; 1 to 4 P.M.; 5 to 7:30 P.M.; and 8:30 to 11 P.M.

## ON THE AIR

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Siegfried," with Flagstad and Melchior: Sat. Aft., Jan. 30, at 1:45, WJZ. LUCREZIA BORI—Soloist with the Ford Symphony: Sun. Eve., Jan. 31, at 9, WABC.

KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD—Singing with the Rochester Philharmonic: Sun. Eve., Jan. 31, at 10, WFAF. SOME WEEKLY FEATURES (Listing is chronological)—N.B.C. Music Guild: Thurs. and Wed. at 2, WEAF; Tues. at 2:30, WJZ. . . . Alexander Woolcott: Thurs. and Tues. at 7:30, WABC. . . . Rudy Vallee's Varieties: Thurs. at 8, WEAF. . . . Lanny Ross and Al Goodman: Thurs. at 9, WEAF. . . . America's Town Meeting: Thurs. at 9:30, WJZ. . . . March of Time: Thurs. at 10:30, WABC. . . . Walter Damrosch's Music Appreciation Hour: Fri. at 2, WEAF-WJZ. . . . Cincinnati Symphony: Fri. at 3, WABC. . . . Hollywood Hotel: Fri. at 9, WABC. . . . Victor Moore and Helen Broderick: Fri. at 9:30, WJZ. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting: Fri. at 10, WABC. . . . Modern Masters: Sat. at 8, WABC. . . . Ed Wynn: Sat. at 8, WJZ. . . . Joe Cook: Sat. at 9:30, WEAF. . . . Roy Harris: Sun. at 2, WOXR. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Enesco conducting: Sun. at 3, WABC. . . . Metropolitan Opera Auditions: Sun. at 3, WFAF. . . . Echoes of New York Town: Sun. at 6, WJZ. . . . Jack Benny: Sun. at 7, WEAF. . . . Classics of the Keyboard: Sun. at 7, WOR. . . . Phil Baker: Sun. at 7:30, WABC. . . . Nelson Eddy: Sun. at 8, WABC. . . . Eddie Cantor: Sun. at 8:30, WABC. . . . Rochester Civic Orchestra, Harrison conducting: Mon. at 3, WJZ. . . . Helen Hayes: Mon. at 8, WJZ. . . . Lux Radio Theatre: Mon. at 9, WABC. . . . Al Jolson: Tues. at 8:30, WABC. . . . Fred Astaire, Charles Butterworth, and Johnny Green: Tues. at 9:30, WEAF. . . . Beatrice Lillie: Wed. at 8, WJZ. . . . Ethel Barrymore: Wed. at 8:30, WJZ. . . . Burns and Allen: Wed. at 8:30, WABC. . . . Fred Allen: Wed. at 9, WEAF. . . . Nino Martini and André Kostelanetz: Wed. at 9, WABC. (Times are P.M.)

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T H E I N S T R U M E N T O F T H E I M M O R T A L S

# STEINWAY



## THE TALK OF THE TOWN

### Notes and Comment

**UNFAIRNESS-BEGINS-AT-HOME**  
NOTE: In front of the Charity Organization Society, down on Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, there walked a man carrying a placard which read, "American Missionary Society Denies Human Rights."

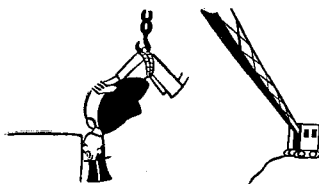
**MR. VALENTINE**, our head cop, spoke at the Rand School the other day and mentioned the possibility of using the electric eye for traffic control. He said he couldn't elaborate on it, but it was being tried in London. We *can* elaborate on it. A pair of electric eyes, so a friend of ours writes, were installed recently in Morden, on the outskirts of London, and are now enjoying a sort of unexpected popularity. The eyes are situated one on either side of a main road, in front of a school, and are so arranged that even a very small child, passing athwart the beam, will turn on a red signal and stop traffic. At the installation ceremonies, where the Minister of Transport made a speech, the children of the neighborhood caught on instantly: there was a happy rush for the eyes, the signals worked admirably, and traffic was at a complete standstill for two



hours. The dilemma has since been solved by reemploying the policeman who used to be on duty at the corner before the electrical era set in. He and the eyes work as a team—the policeman keeps children from bothering the

eyes, and the eyes keep cars from bothering the policeman.

**WE** see by the papers that they're thinking of bringing over the Blarney stone as a World's Fair exhibit. It brings up a number of interesting problems. Suppose the stone does make the journey—will it be rigged up so that you have to be held upside down to kiss it? If not, if it's fixed so that it can be kissed more easily, will it take effect, so to speak? Who will kiss it first, officially, at the Fair? Grover Whalen? And the sanitary angle: will stone-kissers have to wear gauze masks, or submit to a medical examination be-



forehand to determine whether they have the epizudic? Or will the stone be rinsed with an American antiseptic between kisses? In the latter event, whose antiseptic will be used? How chosen?

**WE** were interested in what Dr. Henry Seidel Canby had to say about English usage, in the *Saturday Review* of January 23rd. Usage seems to us peculiarly a matter of ear. Everyone has his own prejudices, his own set of rules, his own list of horrors. Dr. Canby speaks of "contact" used as a verb, and points out that careful writers and speakers, persons of taste, studiously avoid it. They do—some of them because the word, so used, makes their gorge rise, others because they have heard that we sensitive lit'ry folk consider it displeasing. The odd thing is that what is true of one noun-verb is not necessarily true of another. To

"contact a man" makes us wince; but to "ground a plane because of bad weather" sounds all right. Further, although we are satisfied to "ground a plane," we object to "garaging an



automobile." An automobile should not be "garaged;" it should either be "put in a garage" or left out all night.

**THE** contraction "ain't," as Dr. Canby points out, is a great loss to the language. Nice Nellies, school-teachers, and underdone grammarians have made it the symbol of ignorance and ill-breeding, when in fact it is a handy word, often serving where nothing else will. "Say it ain't so" is a phrase which is right the way it stands, and couldn't be any different. People are afraid of words, afraid of mistakes. One time a newspaper sent us to a morgue to get a story on a woman whose body was being held for identification. A man believed to be her husband was brought in. Somebody pulled the sheet back; the man took one agonizing look, and cried, "My God, it's her!" When we reported this grim incident, the editor diligently changed it to "My God, it's she!"

**THE** English language is always sticking a foot out to trip a man. Every week we get thrown, writing merrily along. Even Dr. Canby, a careful and experienced craftsman, got thrown in his own editorial. He spoke of "the makers of textbooks who are nearly always reactionary, and often unscholarly in denying the right to change to a language that has always

been changing..." In this case the word "change," quietly sandwiched in between a couple of "to"s, unexpectedly exploded the whole sentence. Even inverting the phrases wouldn't have helped. If he had started out "In denying to a language...the right to change," it would have come out this way: "In denying to a language that has always been changing the right to change..." English usage is sometimes more than mere taste, judgment, and education—sometimes it's sheer luck, like getting across a street.

### Ravished

**D**URING last week's snowstorm, two workmen were walking down Sixth Avenue, just below Forty-second Street, where the street pavement has been replaced by wooden planking. The snow was kicked into slush as soon as it fell on the sidewalk, but it covered the wooden planks with a nice, white, inch-thick blanket. Suddenly, one of the workmen stepped off the sidewalk onto the unsullied

snow, and walked ecstatically along, in his hobnailed boots. "Look!" he said, leering at his colleague. "Footprints in the virgin snow."

### Bowling Congress

**B**OY, wait till we tell you about the thirty-seventh annual tournament of the American Bowling Congress! It will be the biggest single athletic event in the world, if you count bowling as athletics; 3,500 teams—20,000 people—are already registered, with more expected to turn up at the last moment. The tournament will be held at the 212th Coast Artillery Armory, at Columbus Avenue and Sixty-second Street, and will run from March 9th through April 30th. That makes fifty-three consecutive days of bowling. The hours will be from 8:30 in the morning until 2 the next morning. Each contestant has to pay an entrance fee of \$5 for each event; and, since most bowlers enter all three events of the tournament (singles, doubles, and five-man teams), this will bring the entrance

fees to something like \$250,000. Around \$150,000 will be awarded in prizes. Forty-five pin boys, each one of whom must have ten years of experience, will be employed, at \$5 a day. Twenty-eight new alleys are being installed in the Armory, at a cost of \$55,000. Thirty-five thousand new pins will be used up (they're changed after every game in an A.B.C. tournament), and these will cost \$52,500. The Armory is to be decorated, in a modernistic manner, at a cost of \$3,000. The American Bowling Congress has taken out insurance of \$300,000, against possible injury claims by contestants. Rental for the Armory is \$8,000. Running expenses are figured at \$800 a day, including the salaries of various employees. Admission will be 50c, 75c, and \$1, and there is room for 2,672 spectators. Had enough?

For some reason, this event has never been held in New York before. A bowling man who keeps his ear close to the ground told us that the "Western bowling interests" had campaigned against us, because they were afraid that, once the tournament came here, it wouldn't ever get back West. The 850 delegates who attended last year's convention voted for New York by the smallish plurality of 46. The man responsible was a Mr. Lattin, a printer with Wall Street connections, who in the past year sent out 15,800 letters to friends, bowling-team captains, league presidents, and so on, boosting New York. The expense of the whole campaign was \$4,100. Mr. Lattin weighs 340 pounds, and has bowled ever since he was a boy in Watkins Glen. The population of Watkins Glen is 2,956, and it is 187 miles from New York. Mr. Lattin is by way of being a champion bowler himself. In 1929, he won the Elks' championship, rolling an average of 205 for 45 games. We're told that he has in the past decade spent about \$60,000 of his own money to further the game.

Estimates based on past tournaments indicate that the average man at a bowling tournament spends \$70 in the town where it is held. The Bowling Congress folk, doubling the estimate because New York is what it is, estimate that \$3,000,000 will be brought in



*"Mr. Fish is sorry, but Fish & Hendricks doesn't care for any World's Fair bonds. Fish & Hendricks wishes to be free to criticize."*

by bowlers, to be divided up by theatre box offices, bars, and pretty ladies of the town. The bowling tournament gets more newspaper lineage than any other sporting event, bar none. For example, two years ago, when the tournament was held in Syracuse, the Associated Press sent out 7,000,000 words. Bowlers always carry their bowling balls in little black leather cases that look like bombs, so don't worry if you think you see a lot of people with bombs. When the bowlers arrive at the Armory for the opening ceremonies, they will find a huge papier-mâché bowling ball in each of the 28 alleys. Presently, out of each of the papier-mâché bowling balls, will pop—surprise!—a Rockette from the Music Hall. Just how a Rockette will feel when she pops out of a papier-mâché bowling ball and finds herself in the 212th Coast Artillery Armory, with 20,000 champion bowlers staring at her, we're not in a position to say.

### Name

IT was our privilege recently to see a copy of an interoffice memorandum addressed to the staff of Warner Brothers by the publicity director: "Frank Prince will hereafter be known as Fred Lawrence instead of George Wells. (This refers to Frank Prinz.)"

### Ice and Opera

THERE is a retired ice dealer of Jersey City, Thomas R. McDermott, who has the curious distinction of having heard more opera than anybody, living or dead, ever heard before. For twenty-seven years, from 1904 to 1931, he didn't miss a single performance of the Metropolitan Opera, not excluding matinées, Sunday concerts, or Tuesday performances in Philadelphia. In more recent years, business conditions and ill health have forced him to limit himself to two or three operas a week, but his record is secure; none of the Met officials can touch it, because it's not their habit to

sit through a whole performance. Mr. McDermott is not much interested in the statistical side of his musical life, merely remarking, "I love opera, see? So I go, see?"

Mr. McDermott lives in a frame house at 157 Highland Avenue, Jersey City. He is tall, rugged, silver-haired, and coy as a prima donna about his age. Like most great loves, his love of opera came at first sight. In 1898, a friend took him to hear a performance of "Tristan" with Nordica as Isolde, Jean de Reszke as Tristan, and Edouard de Reszke as King Mark. Young Thomas was overwhelmed with delight. He immediately started commuting from Jersey City for every Wagnerian performance, taking his place among the standees, although he would usually be pretty well done in after a hard day among the ice cakes. (The McDermott ice business, we should explain, was wholesale, and young Thomas was his father's partner.) On December 27th, 1899, one Antonio Scotti made his début, and Thomas, who had by this time branched out to Italian and French opera, heard him. Thereafter Thomas never missed hearing Scotti sing, right up to Scotti's retirement, in 1933. That accounts for about 1,500 performances. By 1904, the ice business was booming, and he quit fooling around; started attending every performance.

His favorite seats were in Row A of the Family Circle. Before long he was taking guests to every performance:

five friends or relatives on Monday; one on Tuesday (to keep him company on the train to Philadelphia), Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday nights, and Saturday afternoons; and on Saturday evenings, five again. Sunday evenings the box-office people used to give him a whole box in the Diamond Horseshoe, much as a bartender will buy a steady patron a drink; Mr. McDermott took advantage of this to invite six or seven guests. Often his opera bill would run around a hundred dollars a week, and as there were many fat twenty-four-week seasons in those years, you can see that he has spent a good bit of money. He used to fill in Sunday afternoons by attending Philharmonic concerts, and during the long, operaless summers, consoled himself with Stadium concerts.

Naturally, Mr. McDermott used to be a familiar figure around the Met. He met all the singers, acquired a fine collection of autographed photographs, and on crowded evenings used to go out in the lobby and help keep the queue in order. Among composers, singers, and conductors, respectively, his gods are Wagner, Caruso, and Toscanini. "They didn't leave no room for nobody, see?" He thinks that though Scotti's voice was inferior to Caruso's, Scotti was the better actor. His favorite opera is "Tristan" ("The mightiest work ever conceived by the human brain, see?") and he considers Jean de Reszke and Lilli Lehmann the greatest singers of the title rôles. His favorite single piece of music is the



"Mush!"

funeral march from "Götterdämmerung." "If they played it at my funeral, I'd come to life." Mr. McDermott deplores broadcasting of opera as much as he does ice cubes, and has never listened in on the Met. "You've got to hear 'em in the flesh with the naked ear, see?" he says.

### Another Chance

A GIRL named Charlotte, who carries letters in her purse for days and days before she remembers to put them in a mailbox, tells us that recently she lost one. She just assumed that whoever found it would mail it, and forgot the whole matter. A couple of days later, though, the letter, upon which she had cautiously written her return address, came back to her, enclosed in another envelope, with this note:

I am returning this to you instead of popping it into the mailbox—remembering how I lost one once that I had decided not to mail. It arrived at its destination and caused a hell of a mess.

### Review Copies

BOOKS no doubt mean to you what they mean to Christopher Morley and to us—old friends, companions of long summer afternoons and winter evenings, of which we grow fonder and fonder as they become dog-eared with use. It will grieve you to learn what the professional book reviewers do with the copies given them by publishers for review. They take them right down to 80 Fourth Avenue, before there's the least chance of their becoming dog-eared, and sell them to a Mr. Schulte. Mr. Schulte invariably pays one-quarter the list price of a book, and buys anything—hack love stories, children's books, the latest Huxley or Maugham, expensive limited editions, detective stories, or technical expositions. The monthly income of a busy reviewer who sells all his review copies is about enough to pay the rent of a small apartment. We know all this because we have been down to Mr. Schulte's place, which is just above Tenth Street; shaken hands with Mr. Schulte and his silent partner, Mr. Pesky; and inspected, superficially, his stock of a million-odd second-hand volumes (not all review copies, of course).

Schulte's Book Store is, we were told, the largest second-hand book store in this country; largest in the world, for all they know. The partners are in-

clined to regret the review-copy end of their business—ties up too much money, they say. Standard practice is to ask half the list price for a book, but of course a great number of books won't sell at that price, and wind up on the ten-cent table. Publishers are annoyed at their new books' being offered at half-price, and Mr. Schulte says he doesn't blame them. He does his best to mollify them by refusing to take advance orders for new books; just lays them out on tables, on a first-come-first-served basis. Best customers are small public libraries; working on a slender budget, they find that it pays them to shop around in Schulte's.

Schulte's buys the review copies of Lewis Gannett, Harry Hansen, Irita Van Doren, Isabel Paterson, Robert Van Gelder, Franklin P. Adams, Will Cuppy, and William Soskin, to name just a few. The Schulte collection of second-hand theological works is famous, and you'll always see a divine or two looking around. (Come to think of it, we have seen very few first-hand theological works.) Mr. Schulte has had all sorts of dealings with the great, including Mr. Rockefeller, Sr. Mr. R.'s secretary called up once and said that he wanted a certain hymnal which he had used in Sunday School, long ago; no expense was to be spared in getting a copy. Mr. Schulte just walked over to his ten-cent shelf, picked out the hymnal, and sent it around to Mr. Rockefeller with a bill for ten cents.

### Seizure

THIS was told us by a woman who takes dogs seriously, and is taken seriously in return by dogs.

She says that the most trying time she ever had was with a cocker. The dog was so sensitive that if anybody patted any other dog in the family or even any person, the animal would throw a fit. On this account, the woman always kept a bottle of ether in the house, and when the dog was seized with convulsions she would give him a whiff. From these anesthetizations he would wake up feeling O.K., and would be O.K. until someone patted another dog, or until the master of the house patted the mistress, whereupon the whole dreary scene would be re-enacted. It told on everybody. The

woman finally did the only sensible thing—gave the dog (including the ether bottle) to a friend who kept a fairly undemonstrative household, where one person seldom patted another.

Right here is where a religious angle creeps into the story. The dog's new owner was a Presbyterian lady, married to a Christian Science gentleman. The dog had a fit the very first day (it seems some friends came in for tea and nobody gave *him* any tea). The lady whipped out the ether bottle, but her husband, seeing what she was up to, snatched it out of her hand. "I'll handle this," he said, and with that he pulled the twitching animal into his study, closed the door, got out Mary Baker Eddy, and began to read in a quiet voice. His wife, terrified, tiptoed away. Half an hour later she put her ear to the door again, and could hear the dog still moaning, the husband still reading. After a while, though, both sounds ceased. The door opened, and there were the cocker and the Scientist, both O.K. The dog has been fine ever since, and anybody can pat, or pet, anybody.

### Widow MacLean

IF you have driven up Fifth Avenue as far as 130th Street lately, you've probably noticed that Widow MacLean's house, last rampart of aristocracy in Harlem, is being razed. The city is going to make a playground there; trucks are already grinding the lawn into mud. Thus endeth an occupancy of fifty-three years. Mrs. MacLean received the news of her eviction one day last September as she was sitting in her summer pavilion. It was a blow, but she took it stoically, and has moved, with her household effects and her large staff of servants, to 1081 Fifth Avenue, overlooking the reservoir.

We had an agreeable chat with her recently in her new home, among the palms and pedestalled bronzes which have long surrounded her. A spry lady of eighty-two, she told us something about herself and the old house where she dwelt peacefully and stubbornly in defiance of changing environs. She was born Marie Mott, daughter of Jordan L. Mott, head of the ironworks. (You have of course seen his name on manhole covers.) His foundry was in the Bronx, in the section named for him,





*"Which would be the most restful—go to the movies and then have dinner, or have dinner and then go to the movies?"*

Mott Haven. When Marie married Charles F. MacLean, a lawyer, her father bought her the house in Harlem, then a sylvan spot. The house had been built in the seventies by one Slippery Dick Connolly, friend of Tweed, but had never been lived in until the young MacLeans moved in. They lived in style, with servants, horses, gardens, and a fine iron fence. On pleasant summer evenings, dinner was spread in the cool pavilion. Time soon began to work changes, though. Mr. MacLean became a Justice of the State Supreme Court. Harlem built up with Negro flats. The blocks adjacent to the Mott house became the fearful "lung

blocks," where tuberculosis took steady toll. But the MacLean mansion went right on, with its brick-and-slate carriage house, its shade trees, its air of gentility. While her friends were wondering why she didn't move away from the district, Mrs. MacLean was making friends with her colored neighbors. "Why should I have moved away?" she said. "They never gave me anything but kindness all the years I was there."

Justice MacLean died about thirteen years ago, and Mrs. MacLean came to be known to the colored folk as Widow MacLean. She was a generous and understanding person of con-

siderable charity, with a leaning toward the Y.M.C.A., the Salvation Army, and various church organizations, both colored and white. Behind her home was the Negro church of St. Ambrose, where she had been known to attend services. During the depression she was a sort of a Lady Bountiful to the district: people would ring her bell and ask for work, and she seldom turned anyone away. Usually she would just invent work—shining the doorknob, sweeping the walk. She paid one fellow sixteen dollars a week, for many months, for sweeping the walk. She still provides a home for the two children of her father's Negro coachman, and still maintains a considerable domestic establishment—a Filipino doorman, a German chambermaid, an Irish master-of-the-house, a Chinese chef, a Scotch secretary, and some others. Doesn't really need all these people, but it keeps them employed and it keeps her from getting lonely. Some of them have been with her for thirty or forty years, and obviously are very fond of her. She doesn't kick much about her

eviction, and she still will spend part of the year in her summer place at Rye, but in spirit she dwells in the old house in Harlem. On March 19th, the playground will open, with children swinging in the breeze, and another New York landmark will be gone—almost as strange in its way as Ella Wendel's house, where Kress now keeps a bazaar.

**O**VERHEARD on a bus-top, from a conversation between two middle-aged gentlemen: "If you can imagine going to a place like Syracuse, where there is no ability."

## FOOTNOTE ON THE YELLOW PERIL

IF you have been bothered with any mysterious aches or pains this winter, Bellevue Hospital has been going around the last few days cockily puffing out its chest because it has acquired a new laboratory of tropical medicine. Just drop down there and they will be glad to tell you at a glance whether you are suffering from sprue, the Delhi boil, Madura foot, Bilharzia and related fluke diseases (Bilharzia is no fluke, let me tell you; there's nobody to blame but yourself), the Peruvian wart, or any of the various forms of pork trichinae. I am even thinking of going down there myself for a little reupholstering. Mine isn't exactly a physical thing, unless I caught something from reading Alice Tisdale Hobart's books; it's more of a Far Eastern mental complaint. I just can't seem to tell those Chinese war lords apart.

The trouble started some weeks ago when Chiang, the Premier of China (have I made any mistakes so far?), went over to borrow a cup of opium from Chang and exchange gossip. Now, that shouldn't be hard: Chiang went to chin with Chang. This Chang is "Young" Chang and should not be confused with "Old" Chang, his father, the one-time ruler of Manchuria. As soon as I found this out, I started confusing them, and it didn't help any to learn that "Young" Chang has two brothers of the same name. One of

them is this harum-scarum younger brother whom the Chinese simply adore and call "that murtherin' shpalpeen, wurra wurra." The other is a Communist and lives in Moscow; his people distinguish him from his brother as "Faith, that murtherin' Rooshian bhoyo."

Just when I had all this neatly pegged and was going along leading a life of Buddhistic calm, contemplating my navel, Chang decided to kidnap Chiang. What his motive was I can't imagine, unless it was to confuse me horribly. The paper I read it in unfortunately happened to carry as well a publicity release about a new book called "Yang and Yin." At the close of business that day, the old prickly sensation had returned and I found myself bursting into tears over the most trivial matters. I spent a white night trying to straighten myself out, but by morning all I managed to remember was that I had once seen a film called "Chang" with a very cute monkey in it. I had barely pinned on my pigtail and sat down to my breakfast of steamed rice and bamboo shoots when a woman representing herself as my wife lifted her head from a theatrical magazine and asked me if I had ever seen Della Fox in "Wang." I slid out of my chair barking like a Pekinese and mercifully fainted away.

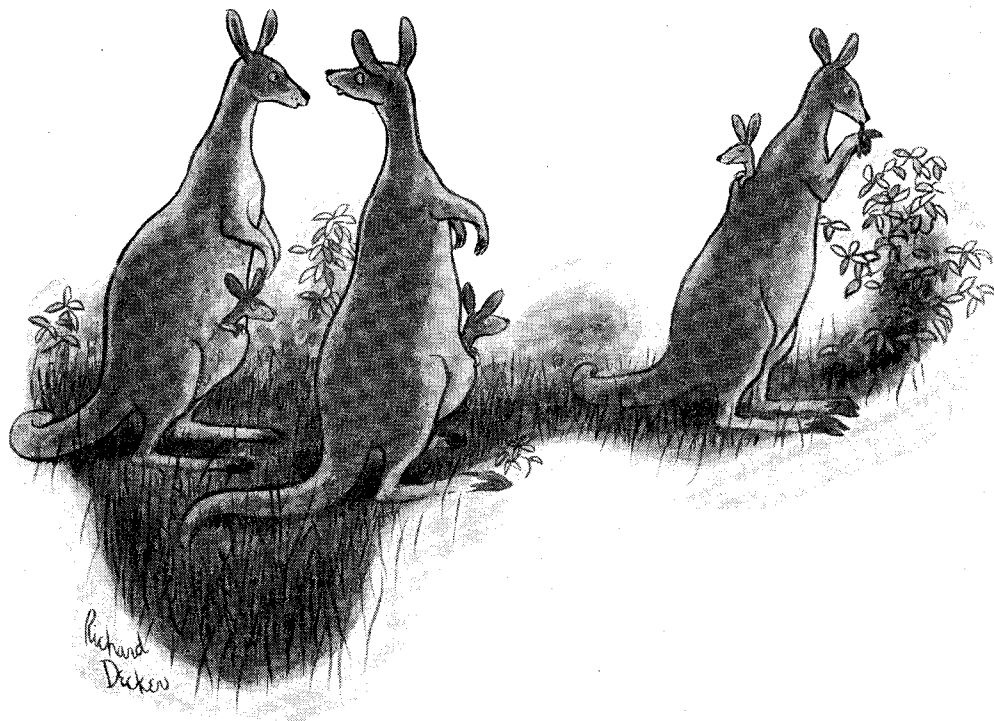
It was touch and go with me for

forty-eight hours, and I'd like to take this opportunity of thanking my wife and the three concubines for their unsparing devotion in my behalf. Soon, however, the crisis was past, and then came long, slow days of convalescence, with my collie bounding beside me on the lawn and tugging at my parasol. Good old Towser! I'd like to take this opportunity of thanking him for his unsparing devotion. For it was on Towser that the burden fell of dressing the children, undressing the concubines, and eating my gruel, without which I would have recovered in half the time.

As soon as my Number One boy spread word through the compound that the foreign devil was well again, the Chinese sprang to attention. "Young" Chang ("Old" Chang's son, but not "Scalawag" Chang or "Red" Chang) offered to return the Generalissimo (you'd better hold onto the rails; I'm beginning to pitch slightly) to Soong, who didn't give a hang but was only negotiating for his sister (who is married to Chiang). At this point two more generals, who had been waiting in the wings until they heard my pulses begin to hammer, entered the scene. Their names might just as easily have been Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, but no; they had to be named Yang and Feng. Yang was a Chinese version of General Jubal A. Early who hoped to highjack the whole enterprise; Feng, who is called "the Christian Marshal" (as opposed to Feng, the Jewish Marshal, I guess), had no real business there, but claimed the conductor had given him a wrong transfer. Chang—no, Yang—told Chiang—wait a minute, *Chiang* told Yang that Feng, who is Soong...

From now on everything is quicksand, and if it's all right with you, I'll just sit here under this banyan tree and read a nice, quiet book. I'm almost halfway through Jack London's "White Fang," but it isn't holding me. I may slip around the corner to the movies—they have a very interesting picture there, I understand. It's called "The General Died at Dawn," about a Chinese war lord named Yang. The only trouble is that Clifford Odets, who wrote it, has just married Luise Rainer, and she plays the lead in "The Good Earth," which is about a character named Wang. And now they tell me Mr. Odets is going to do a story for a producer named Wanger. For goodness' sake, has everybody gone stark, staring Wang?

—S. J. PERELMAN



"Her mother was frightened by an Indian."



*"Right now I am teaching her the nice words for things."*

## LET YOUR MIND ALONE!

## V. ANODYNES FOR ANXIETIES

I SHOULD like to begin our lecture this week with a quotation from Mr. David Seabury's "How to Worry Successfully." When things get really tough for me, I always turn to this selection and read it through twice, the second time backward, and while it doesn't make me feel fine, exactly, it makes me feel better. Here it is:

"If you are indulging in gloomy fears which follow each other round and round until the brain reels, there are two possible procedures:

"First, quit circling. It doesn't matter where you cease whirling, as long as you stop.

"Second, if you cannot find a constant, think of something as different from the fact at which you stopped as you possibly can. Imagine what would happen if you mixed that contrast into your situation. If nothing results to clarify your worry, try another set of opposites and continue the process until you do get a helpful answer. If you

persist, you will soon solve any ordinary problem."

I first read this remarkable piece of advice two months ago and I vaguely realized then that in it, somewhere, was a strangely familiar formula, not, to be sure, a formula that would ever help me solve anything, but a formula for something or other. And one day I hit on it. It is the formula by which the Marx brothers construct their dialogue. Let us take their justly famous scene in which Groucho says to Chico, "It is my belief that the missing picture is hidden in the house next door." Here Groucho has ceased whirling, or circling, and has stopped at a fact, that fact being his belief that the picture is hidden in the house next door. Now Chico, in accordance with Mr. Seabury's instructions, thinks of something as different from that fact as he possibly can. He says, "There isn't any house next door." Thereupon Groucho "mixes that contrast into his situation." He says, "Then we'll build one!" Mr.

Seabury says, "If you persist you will soon solve any ordinary problem." He underestimates the power of his formula. If you persist, you will soon solve anything at all, no matter how impossible. That way, of course, lies madness, but I would be the last person to say that madness is not a solution.

It will come as no surprise to you, I am sure, that throughout the Mentality Books with which we have been concerned there runs a thin, wavy line of this particular kind of Marxist philosophy. Mr. Seabury's works are heavily threaded with it, but before we continue with him, let us turn for a moment to dear Dorothea Brande, whose "Wake Up and Live!" has changed the lives of God knows how many people by this time. Writes Mrs. Brande, "One of the most famous men in America constantly sends himself postcards, and occasionally notes. He explained the card sending as being his way of relieving his memory of unnecessary details. In his pocket he carries a few postals addressed to his office. I was with him one threatening day when he looked out the restaurant window, drew a card from his pocket, and wrote on it. Then he threw it across the table to me with a grin. It was addressed to himself at his office, and said, 'Put your raincoat with your hat.' At the office he had other cards addressed to himself at home."

We have here a muzziness of thought so enormous that it is difficult to analyze. First of all, however, the ordinary mind is struck by the obvious fact that the famous American in question has, to relieve his memory of unnecessary details, burdened that memory with the details of having to have postcards at his office, in his pockets, and at his home all the time. If it isn't harder to remember always to take self-addressed postcards with you wherever you go than to remember to put your raincoat with your hat when the weather looks threatening, then you and I will eat the postcards or even the raincoat. Threatening weather itself is a natural sharp reminder of one's raincoat, but what is there to remind one that one is running out of postcards? And supposing the famous man does run out of postcards, what does he do—hunt up a Western Union and send himself a telegram? You can see how monstrously wrapped up in the coils of his own little memory system this notable American must soon find himself. There is something about this system of buying postcards, address-



*"What would you do if Herbert Marshall walked into this room right now?"*



*"I'm sorry I couldn't get you that raise, Mr. Dean, but I—er—got you a sort of promotion."*

ing them to oneself, writing messages on them, and then mailing them that is not unlike one of those elaborate Rube Goldberg contraptions taking up a whole room and involving bicycles, shotguns, parrots, and little colored boys, all set up for the purpose of eliminating the bother of, let us say, setting an alarm clock. Somehow, I can just see Mrs. Brande's famous man at his desk. On it there are two phones, one in the Bryant exchange, the other in the Vanderbilt exchange. When he wants to remind himself of something frightfully urgent, he picks up the Bryant phone and calls the Vanderbilt number, and when that phone rings, he picks it up and says hello and then carries on a conversation with himself. "Remember tomorrow is wifey's birthday!" he shouts over one phone. "O.K.!" he bawls back into the other. This, it seems to me, is a fair enough extension of the activities of our famous gentleman. There is no doubt, either, but that the two-phone system would make the date stick more sharply in his mind than if he just wrote it down on a memo pad. But to intimate that all this shows a rational disciplining of the mind, a development of the power of the human intellect, an approach to that Masterful Adjustment of which

our Success Writers are so enamored, is to intimate that when Groucho gets the house built next door, the missing picture will be found in it.

WHEN it comes to anxieties and worries, Mr. Seabury's elaborate systems for their relief or solution make the device of Mrs. Brande's famous American look childishly simple. Mr. Seabury knows, and apparently approves of, a man "who assists himself by fancied interviews with wise advisors. If he is in money difficulties, he has mental conversations with a banker; when business problems press, he seeks the aid of a great industrialist and talks his problems over with this ghostly friend until he comes to a definite conclusion." Here, unless I am greatly mistaken, we have wish fulfillment, fantasy, reverie, and woolgathering at their most perilous. This kind of goings-on with a ghostly banker or industrialist is an escape mechanism calculated to take a man so far from reality he might never get back. I tried it out myself one night just before Christmas when I had got down to \$60 in the bank and hadn't bought half my presents yet. I went to bed early that night and had Mr. J. P. Morgan call on me. I didn't have to go to his office;

he heard I was in some difficulty and called on me, dropping everything else. He came right into my bedroom and sat on the edge of the bed. "Well, well, well," he said, "what's this I hear about you being down?" "I'm not so good, J. P.," I said, smiling wanly. "We'll have the roses back in those cheeks in no time," he said. "I'm not really sick," I told him. "I just need money." "Well, well, well," he exclaimed, heartily, "is *that* all we need?" "Yes, sir," I said. He took out a checkbook. "How'd a hundred thousand dollars do?" he asked, jovially. "That would be all right," I said. "Could you give it to me in cash, though—in tens and twenties?" "Why, certainly, my boy, certainly," said Mr. Morgan, and he gave me the money in tens and twenties. "Thank you very much, J. P.," I said. "Not at all, Jim, not at all!" cried my ghostly friend. "What's go-

ing on in there?" shouted my wife, who was in the next room. It seems that I had got to talking out loud, first in my own voice and then louder, and with more authority, in Mr. Morgan's. "Nothing, darling," I answered. "Well, cut it out," she said. The depression that settled over me when I realized that I was just where I had been when I started to talk with Mr. Morgan was frightful. I haven't got completely over it yet.

This mental-conversation business is nothing, however, compared to what Mr. Seabury calls "picture-puzzle making in worry." To employ this aid in successful thinking, you have to have fifty or sixty filing cards, or blank cards of some kind or other. To show you how it works, let us follow the case history of one Frank Fordson as Mr. Seabury relates it. It seems that this Fordson, out of work, is walking the streets. "He enters store after store with discouraged, pessimistic proprietors. There are poor show windows and dusty sidewalks. They make Frank morbid. His mind feels heavy. He wishes he could happen on a bright idea." He does, as you shall see. Frank consults a psychologist. This psychologist tells him to take fifty filing cards and write on each of them a fact con-

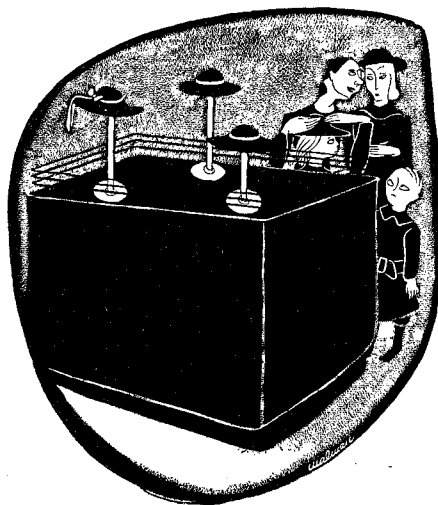
nected with his being out of work. So he writes on one "out of work" and on another "dusty sidewalks" and on another "poor show windows," etc. You and I would not be able to write down more than fifteen things like that before getting off onto something else, like "I hate Joe Grubig" or "Now is the time for all good men," but Frank can do fifty in his stride, all about how tough things are. This would so depress the ordinary mind that it would go home to bed, but not Frank. Frank puts all of the fifty cards on the floor of the psychologist's office and begins to couple them up at random, finally bringing into accidental juxtaposition the one saying "out of work" and one saying "dull sign." Well, out of this haphazard arrangement of the cards, Frank, Mr. Seabury says, got an idea. He went to a hardware store the next day and offered to shine the store's dull sign if the proprietor would give him a can of polish and let him keep what was left. Then he went around shining other signs, for money, and made \$3 that day. Ten days later he got a job as a window-dresser and, before the year was out, a "position in advertising."

"Take one of your own anxieties," writes Mr. Seabury. "Analyze it so as to recall all the factors. Write three score of these on separate cards. Move the cards about on the floor into as many different relations as possible. Study each combination." Mr. Seabury may not know it, but the possible different relations of sixty cards would run into the millions. If a man actually studied each of these combinations, it would at least keep him off the streets and out of trouble—and also out of the advertising business, which would be something, after all. Toy soldiers, however, are more fun.

Now, if this kind of playing with filing cards doesn't strike your fancy, there is the "Worry Play." Let me quote Mr. Seabury again. "You should write out a description of your worry," he says, "divide into three acts and nine scenes, as if it were a play, and imagine it on the stage, or in the movies, with various endings. Look at it as impersonally as you would look at a comedy and you might be surprised at the detachment you would gain." I have tried very hard to do this. I try out all these suggestions. They have taken up most of my time and energy for the past six months and got me into such a state that my doctor says I can do only three more of these articles at

the outside before I go to a sanitarium. A few years ago I had an old anxiety and I was reminded of it by this "Worry Play" idea. Although this old anxiety has been dead and gone for a long time, it kept popping up in my mind because, of all the worries I ever had, it seemed to lend itself best to the drama. I tried not to think about it, but there it was, and I finally realized I would have to write it out and imagine it on the stage before I could dismiss it from my consciousness and get back to work. Well, it ran almost as long as "Mourning Becomes Electra" and took me a little over three weeks to dramatize. Then, when I thought I was rid of it, I dreamed one night I had sold the movie rights, and so I had to adapt it to the movies (a Mr. Sam Maschino, a movie agent, kept bobbing up in my dreams, hectoring me). This took another two weeks. I could not, however, attain this detachment that Mr. Seabury talks about. Since the old anxiety was my own anxiety, I was the main character in it. Sometimes, for as many as fifteen pages of the play script and the movie continuity, I was the only person on the set. I visualized myself in the main rôle, naturally—having rejected Leslie Howard, John Gielgud, and Lionel Barrymore for one reason or another. I was lousy in the part, too, and that worried me. Hence I advise you not to write out your worries in the form of a play. It is simpler to write them out on sixty pieces of paper and juggle them around. Or talk about them to J. P. Morgan. Or send postcards to yourself about them. There are a number of solutions for anxieties which I believe are better than any of these, however: go out and skate, or take in a basketball game, or call on a girl. Or burn up a lot of books.

—JAMES THURBER

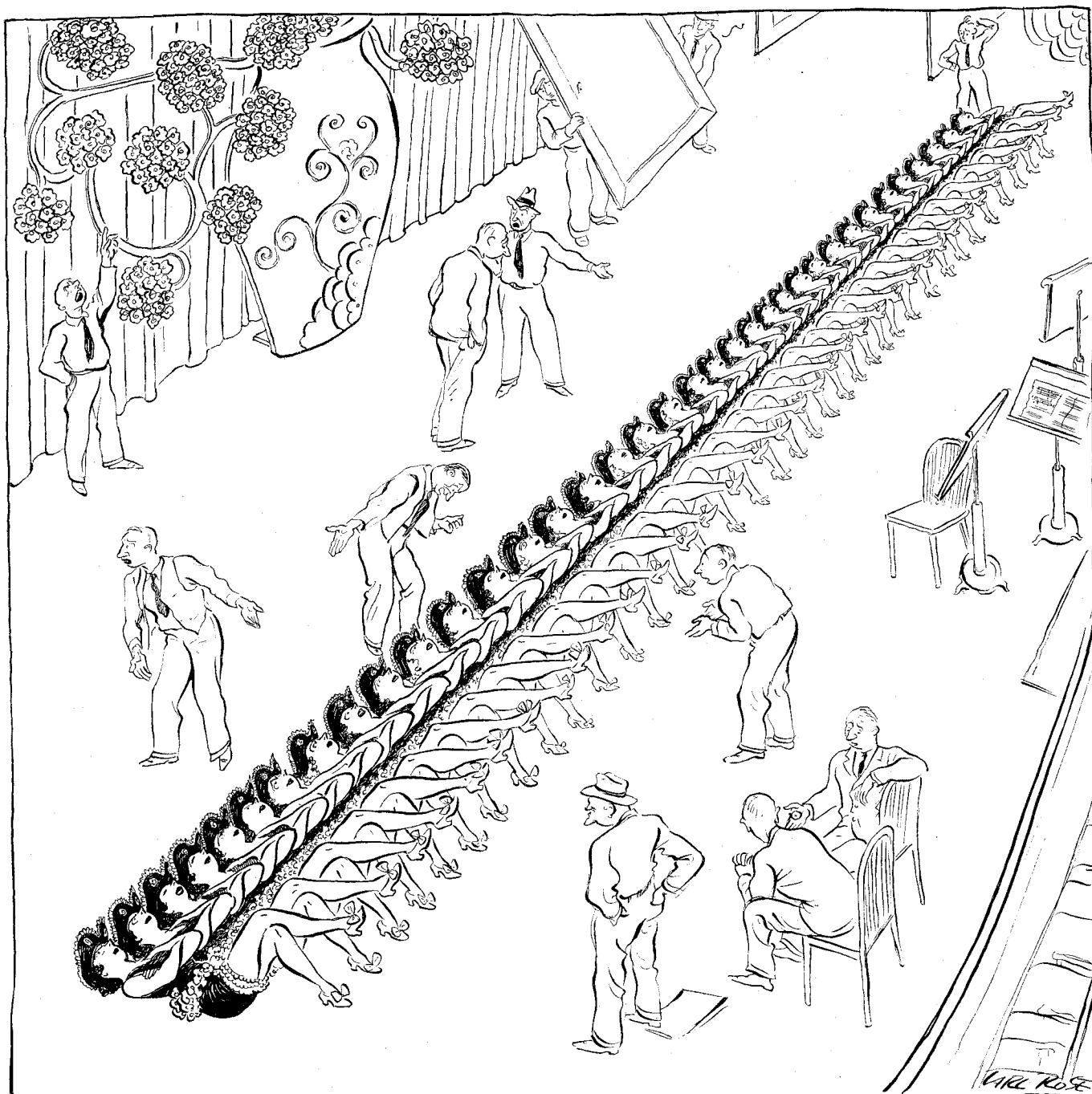


## THE MAN WHO WASN'T DRESSED

THERE had come into her mind, as she was fastening her onyx bracelet, a possibility in the arrangements of the evening ahead of her that gave her fortitude to endure it. All at once she could see some purpose in the energy she was about to exert. The notion that she might, at this particular dinner she was preparing for, find the extra man she needed so badly for her own dinner party the following night encouraged her to fasten a diamond clip on her black faille gown. The clip might suggest a menu of lavishness which would appeal to the greed of the creature, perhaps a wary type, and advise him that though the invitation seemed casual, tardy, and forced, there was at least promise in it of a good, sound meal. The exhaustion that had overwhelmed her from an afternoon spent at the telephone in a frustrated effort to corner some unattached man vanished with the lilt of a new hope. All at once she was young again, young and spirited. Before she was out of her own house, she felt more than mere hope in her heart. She felt that Fate had spoken, that a Voice out of the empyrean had summoned her, and told her to go forth and seek and she should find.

Lest her elation become unsuitable for a lady on her way to a dinner party, she subdued her mood by the thought of the case of measles that was at the root of all her sorrows. It had been the measles that her original single man—the brute who had failed her at the last moment—had claimed as his affliction and excuse. Measles, indeed! Was it possible that the man had measles? With that thinning hair of his, was he making some last stab at youth? A nursery ailment like measles was too incongruous. She really had to laugh.

The laughter was still in her eyes and voice, she knew, when she got to the dinner party, and it enlivened her whole presence and gave her an air of friendliness and freshness which must seem captivating and should assist her in her mission. As she appraised the assemblage, her heart sank, however. She knew everyone there, and they were all couples. Yes, one, two, three couples and herself. But there must be somebody for her! She took her first cocktail and counted again. No, though she had been late, there was someone else to come. She sensed, too, the slight quiver of apprehension in her hostess's



*The Rockettes Participate in a Lie-Down Strike*

eye while, like a mourner at the Cenotaph, the butler deposited fresh canapés. But just at that moment there was a preliminary bustle outside, and he entered, that necessary male. And with a shock, with a pang of anguish through her soul, with a sense of all womanhood betrayed, she saw that he was in tweeds.

"Don't bother about the olive," she heard herself saying, and she wondered that her voice was steady, and felt gratitude for that long line of Puritan ancestry which enabled her so bravely to defy outrageous fortune. Why hadn't

he brought his dogs and guns with him? She would call off her dinner tomorrow. She wouldn't even do that. She would just vanish, just not be home. Let her guests come and ring and ring at the darkened house. She would be on a reef, in a desert, a recluse forever after. It was really a miracle that he had bothered to put on any clothes at all.

**P**ERHAPS he didn't "believe" in evening clothes. There was that school of thought, as she knew. To it belonged the lofty spirits with the class

struggle close to their hearts, who made a point of going to all the big parties they could wedge into, clad in their shiny serges, tweeds, or flannels, thus challenging the capitalist conventions. Bright they might be, and capable of gaiety, yet the sight of an epergne made furious Marxists of them all. They would talk, talk, talk. How they could go on! And convert, convert, convert a whole party, even, indeed, convert her herself to a cause. She had been converted to so many causes.

There was also the poignant pos-

sibility that this man in tweeds just couldn't afford evening clothes. Touching as that was, the thought made her wary. He might come to her dinner, and then be on her hands for the rest of his life. Or until his career got started, which might be years. The problems of the young, their urgencies, their expiring bank accounts, their debts—she knew them only too well. Those well-born young men from remote districts! The more remote, the better-born. With their sensitive souls, their fine ideals, struggling for expression in a ruthless city. "Softhearted as I am," she thought, "do I dare expose myself to such a case?"

On the other hand, he might just be so rich that he never took the trouble to fix himself up. Heirs apparent could go on like that. They didn't care; they felt they didn't have to. Here were other hazards. He might accept charmingly, then never show up. Or he might come in, two hours late, with a whole party he'd met at some dive, and with the taxi-driver as well. Or he might have unexpected physical seizures—these scions did have them. Or they threw things. Or they cried. Or they had to telephone the Coast.

Then again, he might be the usual perfectly average young man who had had an accident. There had been a fire and his luggage had got burned; or he had been robbed—perhaps a sneak thief had cleared out his closet this very afternoon, or some friend from out of town had borrowed his evening clothes and hadn't returned them. People who had such accidents were likely to be dull. He might be safe, but he would be a depressant.

"Oh, damn the olive!" she said brightly. And as she reached for the drink, her onyx bracelet slipped back on her arm and reminded her that, come what might, she was doomed to ask this man in tweeds—doomed, indeed, to whatever fate the mysterious future might have in store for her. "Doomed," she murmured, and she flung her first smile across the room at him. —JOHN MOSHER

## "THE READERS DIGEST" DISCOVERS THE BIBLE

### *The Creation*

Condensed from the First Book of Moses

**T**HE earth was without form. The Spirit of God moved, Let there be light. There was light, divided from the darkness. God called the light Day, the darkness Night, made the firmament, called the firmament Heaven, called the dry land Earth. The gathering together of the waters called he Seas. God made two great lights, the greater to rule the day, the lesser to rule the night; he made the stars also, set them in the firmament, saw that it was good, created whales, winged fowl, and blessed them saying Multiply. The evening and morning were the fifth day. God made beast, cattle, and man, male and female, blessed them and said, I have given you every herb; to you it shall be for meat. It was very good.

### *Psalms 23*

Condensed from the Book of Psalms

**T**HE Lord is my shepherd. I shall not lie down in the paths of righteousness. I will fear no evil,

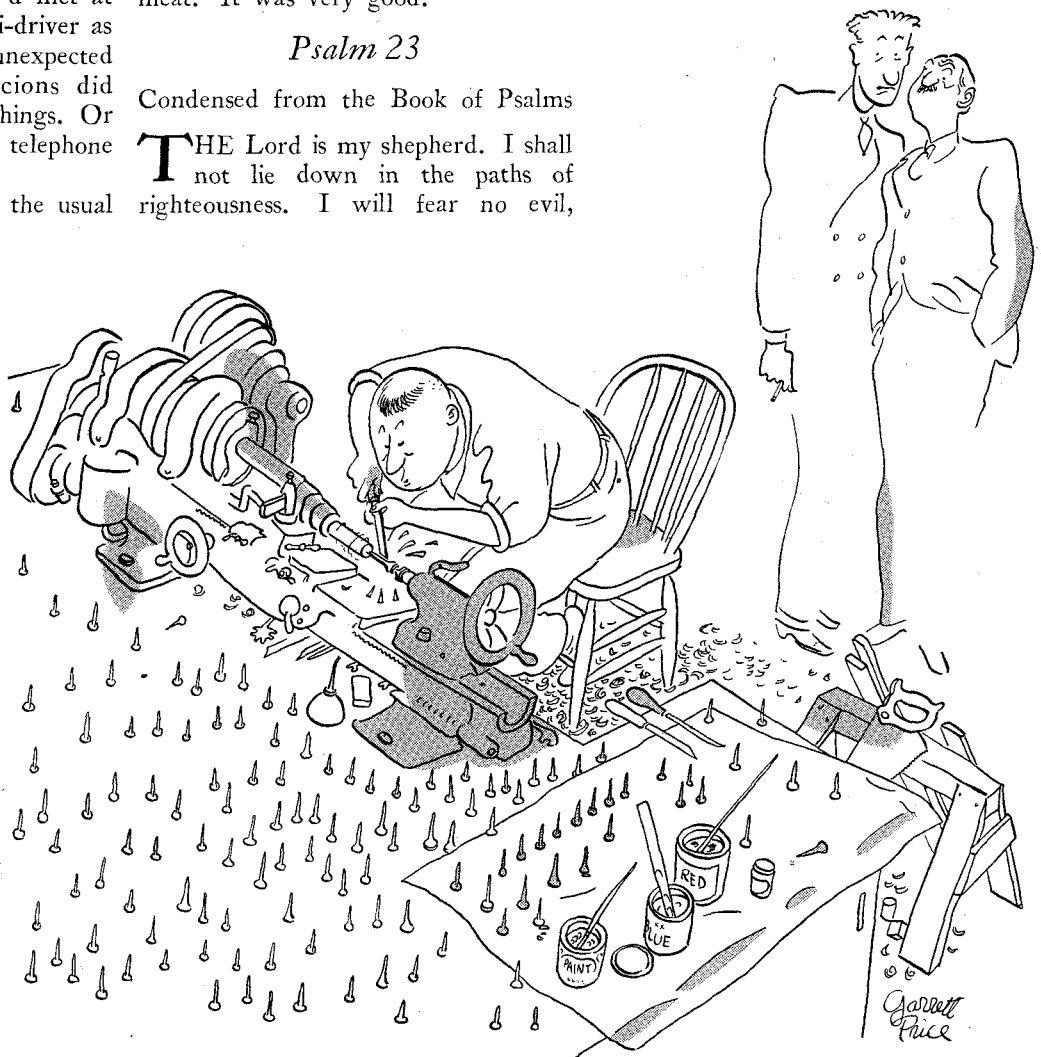
my cup runneth over, goodness shall follow me: and I will dwell in the house.

### *Solomon's Song*

Condensed from the Song of Solomon

**T**HE song of songs is Solomon's. The king hath brought me into his chambers, we will remember. I am black, but comely. I am black because the sun hath looked upon me. My mother's children made me keeper of the vineyards. I have compared thee to a company of horses—cheeks comely with rows of jewels, neck with chains of gold. My beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire, pleasant. The beams of our house are cedar, our rafters fir, his fruit was sweet to my taste, and his banner over me was love. Comfort me with apples: the winter is past, the rain is over.

—E. B. W.



"First fellow I ever knew to make his own golf tees."

# \* \* PROFILES \* \*

## MISS FIXIT-I

FANNY HOLTZMANN, an American lawyer whose practice embraces New York, Hollywood, and London, has worked up a surefire approach to each place. In London she dines with dukes and duchesses and is invited to meet royalty as an authority on Broadway and Hollywood; in New York she is elusive and fairly highhanded with her clients, because New Yorkers are impressed by the fact that she knows several members of the royal family to speak to; in Hollywood she relaxes and yells at film producers, who respect her because she is a shrewd lawyer and because she knows everybody on Broadway and big people in England besides. Her clients are successful writers, beleaguered actors and actresses, and dreamy British peers—celebrities whose fame has brought them so much money and grief, or grief and lack of money, that they instinctively hire Fanny to worry about everything for them.

Fanny carries their burdens with a strong airiness of manner which she has cultivated, and sometimes speaks of her own wonder that she is able to do it, being, as she is, so little and so young. She is thirty-five years old and five feet two inches tall. Her long, wavy bob and a trick she has of using her hands in delicate gestures give her an appearance of demureness, but her face is sharp and skeptical and her manner is essentially bold. An interviewer writing about Fanny in the London *Daily Mail* pretty well described her, although less gracefully, perhaps, than he intended. "Seen from behind," he wrote, "she is reminiscent of Janet Gaynor."

Fanny speaks the languages of Broadway, Hollywood, and Mayfair, and slides from one into another with the ease of a dialect comedian. In 1933, when "As Thousands Cheer" opened on Broadway with a sketch that sensationally kidded the British royal family, Fanny, who happened to be in London, heard that the British government proposed making a formal protest to Washington. Although no one had consulted her legally, she managed to communicate with the Earl of Cromer, the Lord Chamberlain, and to point out to him that a formal protest would be a mistake. "It will simply give the revue tons of publicity," she said, "and one dislikes obliging the producer to that extent." Lord Cromer thanked Fanny, but

the protest was made anyway, through the British Ambassador at Washington. Every newspaper printed it, with counterprotests from Sam Harris, producer of the show, and "As Thousands Cheer" got off to a good start under a momentum of nationwide notoriety. Two seasons later, when Harris was rehearsing "Jubilee!," a revue concerned, unmistakably, with the late King George and his Queen, Fanny was in London again. In one of her daily telephone calls to New York, she learned that Walter Winchell's Monday column had carried the following item: "England's king and queen will be violently ribbed in 'Jubilee!'" A few days later Winchell printed another crack. "'Jubilee!,'" he said, "which ribs Britain's king and queen, shows them holidaying incognito, doing the things they've always wanted to do for the last twenty-five years . . . and how they do carry on!" Fanny called up Winchell in New York to verify what he had printed, and then broke the news to Lord Cromer. "Surely, dear Lord Cromer," she said, mildly, "the British government doesn't want to come another frightful cropper like that last one. Why not let me see if I can't wangle something?" Visibly shaken, Cromer authorized her to do what she could, unofficially, and Fanny called up Sam Harris in New York. "Listen, dear," she said, "what are you trying to do, buck the British government? Maybe you don't want to put on a show in London ever again. Listen," she said, while Mr. Harris listened, "suppose you want to sell your lousy show to Hollywood, so what? So the British are laying for you, and they'll see that the picture is banned all over the British Empire." Mr. Harris saw the truth of Fanny's argument, and besides he had no real desire to keep on affronting England. He changed the locale of "Jubilee!" to a mythical kingdom, and trusted his audience to suspect that it meant England just the same. The British were pacified, and after the New York opening, the London *Daily Telegraph* had this comment to make: "Fears that the play would attempt to caricature the British royal family were dissipated, although it is rumored that extensive cuts were made at the last moment at the suggestion of Washington officials." Fanny's name was never



*Fanny Holtzmann*

mentioned publicly in connection with the incident and she got no fee from the Lord Chamberlain. But the good will was worth thousands.

FANNY HOLTZMANN began to develop into a picturesque figure among lawyers almost as soon as she was admitted to the bar in 1922, but it was not until the opposing counsel in the Youssouppoff libel suit, two years ago, called her a charlatan and a publicity hound that she became famous. Actually, Fanny's buildup of that case included a smooth reticence about her own connection with it, and a determination to allow nobody to be publicly associated with it except people who had royal blood, or at least titles. Princess Irina Youssouppoff, a niece of the late Czar, had been to several New York lawyers with her claim against Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer on the grounds that Princess Natasha in the film "Rasputin" was intended to represent her, and that Natasha's seduction by the mad monk was a libel on her name. The lawyers declined the case as being flimsy, and the Princess at length sorrowfully sailed for England. At a party on the Riviera, Fanny met Princess Youssouppoff and the Princess then and there told Fanny all about her grievance against the picture company. Fanny took the case on, moved the whole proceedings over to London, and set about going to work on the British public's love of titles and its happy indifference to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. The brief which her colleagues finally presented emphasized throughout the blood relationship between the Russian royal family and the British royal family. As character witnesses for the Princess,

Fanny rounded up a glittering mass of Russian and British nobility. She was entranced to find that Prince Felix Youssouppoff, Irina's husband, could give a powerful account of how he and Grand Duke Dmitri had helped to kill Rasputin. The case, when Fanny had it ready, was a drama of royalty and the murder of a peasant, enlivened and enriched by the sound of noble names from the witness box. Then Fanny brought off her coup. She arranged through friends of the Youssouppoffs to have them live at Frogmore House, in the grounds of Windsor Castle, until the trial was over. Fanny never appeared in court; she knew that the presence of an American lawyer named Holtzmann would strike a wrong note in the fine spectacle she had wrought. She left Sir Patrick Hastings in charge as court counsel for the Princess, and sailed for America a few days before the trial opened. Although she was on the New York-London telephone continually after that, talking about the case, her name might not have been mentioned in open court if Sir William Jowitt, counsel for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, had not, on the third day of the trial, shaken his finger angrily in the face of Prince Youssouppoff, who was on the stand, and said, "I suggest that an American lawyer, Miss Fanny Holtzmann, has been exploiting your wife." Storming out of the courtroom at the end of the session, Sir William added bitterly to reporters that he was convinced that Fanny Holtzmann was back of the whole case, and that she was using the Youssouppoffs to gain prestige for herself.

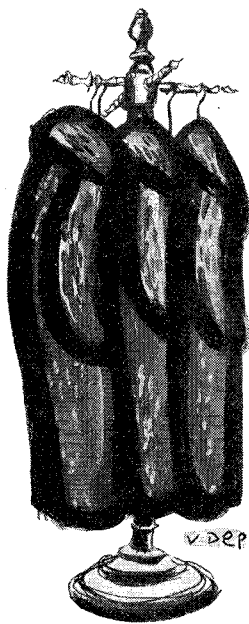
Fanny's picture struck the front pages of the newspapers in New York and in London, and reappeared there regularly as Sir William continued to denounce her. The drama of the courtroom proceedings increased accordingly. On the last day of the trial, the presiding Justice, the late Sir Horace Avory, read aloud a passage from "The Rape of Lucrece" beginning "But she has lost a dearer thing than life . . ." and the jury brought in a verdict for Prince Youssouppoff of £25,000 and costs. With settlements from exhibitors added to this, the Princess collected around \$250,000 and costs, and Fanny's fee is said to have been fifty per cent of \$250,000. Returning to London after the victory, Fanny gave a party to celebrate it, at her flat in Knightsbridge. The guests included Violet, Duchess of Rutland, and her son, the present Duke; Jimmy Walker, Ger-

trude Lawrence, and crowds of Russian nobles. Princess Youssouppoff wore the Romanoff emeralds, and everybody stayed to scrambled eggs at dawn.

**ALTHOUGH** she has secretaries working permanently at Claridge's in London and at the Beverly Hills Hotel, near Hollywood, Fanny's only office is in New York—a light-green, dusty suite of rooms in the Bar Building at 36 West Forty-fourth Street, furnished with the same carpets, tables, and chairs that she bought when she opened it in 1923. Pictures of Daniel Webster and John Marshall lend an Old World tone to the entrance hall, but the walls of Fanny's private office are lined with signed photographs of more spirited people, all friends or clients—Ina Claire, Clifton Webb, Noel Coward, Lady Astor, Lord Haldane, Justice Cardozo, Fred Astaire, the younger Prince Frederick of Prussia, and thirty or forty others. Not long before his restoration to the throne, King George of Greece wrote Fanny a letter in longhand which arrived while she was out of town. Her secretary had it framed and hung on the wall as a surprise for her when she returned. The letter was simple and chatty, mentioning the wedding of the Duke of Kent and Princess Marina as a pleasant occasion and expressing the hope that George himself might soon be able to go big-game hunting ("which has long been a dream of mine," he wrote). Fanny briskly ordered it taken down as soon as she saw it, but she keeps it in a desk drawer now, frame and all, and shows it discreetly to somebody almost every day. George of Greece became

a good friend of hers in London during the time of his exile, and Fanny understands the dramatic value of keeping their friendship informal. She was indignant, however, when a London newspaper once emphasized its informality by saying that she broiled chops for the exiled King on the frequent occasions when he dropped in at her Knightsbridge flat. "I don't go to London to broil chops for anybody," Fanny says coldly whenever anyone brings this up. "The King of Greece knew where the saucepans were; when he came to see me, he broiled his own chops."

On New Year's Day, 1936—a month or so after he had been restored to the throne—King George sent Fanny a cable of greeting and a standing invitation to visit his palace at Athens. She has a good many such invitations from royal personages—dethroned, perhaps, but hopeful; and there are generally, in her office in the Bar Building, a few princes and counts wandering around or sitting in the leather chairs, smoking, and talking in unidentifiable accents. "The Romanoffs, you know, can't stand *up* after one drink. They can't drink *anything*," they say, and "Do you remember the time Dmitri served vodka when the Duke of Kent was coming to tea?" Then the details of Grand Duke Dmitri's tea for the Duke of Kent come back to them in a wave of reminiscence. Vodka, one of them explains, is so strong that it must be accompanied by *chernyi khleb*, a canapé which acts as a sort of blotting paper. On the day of Dmitri's tea, his dog got at the canapés before the guests did, and the Duke of Kent was obliged to down his vodka without a crumb of food to soften the impact. If some newcomer to Fanny's office tensely inquires what happened then, there is a slight movement of lifted shoulders among the others, of eyebrows raised in reverence. "Nothing happened," they sigh. "The House of Windsor—they can drink *anything*." Fanny takes little part in these conversations. Usually, she sits with one foot under her in a chair with a high, carved back behind a massive desk and listens, her prominent brown eyes liquid with interest. Sometimes these visitors (to whom Fanny refers proudly as "my royal friends") call her Miss Holtzmann in the office, and that hurts her. "My friends always call me Fanny in London," she reminds them gravely. She is careful not to make many statements to outsiders, however, about her foreign connections.



Fanny is grateful to Europe, to England especially, because it has given her an astonishing social life. She knows it would be fatal to her popularity there to say anything so personal about her royal friends, for instance, that they would stop saying "Hello, Fanny" when they meet her.

Fanny's first contact with British nobility came about some fourteen years ago. She had attracted a large theatrical following through one of her first clients, Edmund Goulding, an English actor

who is now a director in Hollywood. One day Francis X. Bushman, the retired movie star, came into her office in a temper. Lord Auckland, he said, had left his dogs at Bushman's country place in Maryland while he went home to England for a time. In his absence one of the bitches had given birth to a litter, and Bushman had sold the puppies to pay for the other dogs' board and keep. Now Auckland was back in America raging around because he claimed that the litter was his by rights, and that

Bushman had had no authority to sell it. He was threatening court action, and Bushman wanted Fanny's advice. Later in the day, when Bushman had gone, Edmund Goulding came into the office on some business or other, and Fanny mentioned the Auckland trouble. "Auckland?" said Goulding. "My dear, we'll fix that up in no time." Sitting on a corner of her desk, he called up Lord Auckland at his hotel, and addressed him briskly by his first name. "Hello. Freddie?" he said, while Fanny



*"In the interests of science, Miss Mellish, I'm going to make a rather strange request of you."*



*"Isn't there some place where you can just sit?"*

gazed at him, wide-eyed. On the telephone Goulding persuaded Lord Auckland to meet Bushman next day in Fanny's office, where Fanny soon talked him into taking his dogs, including the famous bitch, back to England and letting the matter of the litter go. Auckland was one of the first to discover that it is impossible to argue with Fanny, because her gift of talking incessantly in a soft voice is so highly developed that her opponent is conscious not of conflicting sound but only of the fact that he is getting nowhere.

It was at about that time that the other lawyers who had offices in the newly completed Bar Building began to look at Fanny with a certain wonder. There had been some hostility toward admitting her as a tenant; she was female, young—barely twenty-one—and Jewish. She lived in Brook-

lyn and commuted on the subway, and her clients seemed, to the startled eyes of the other tenants, to be chiefly actors and actresses and wild-haired authors, all pretty spectacular. The New York Bar had admitted its first woman member only five years before and was still inclined to look upon women lawyers as unnecessary. Fanny, however, was firm about establishing herself in the Bar Building. Woodrow Wilson and Bainbridge Colby had had offices there; Justice Cardozo, then Associate Justice of the Court of Appeals, had the office directly above the one Fanny wanted for herself. She liked to think of walking the same corridors as these distinguished men, and she felt, too, that a little dignity would add to her own success as a lawyer. The Character Committee of the Building finally admitted her, chiefly through the

influence of her older brother, Jacob L. Holtzmann, who was, and is, a prominent lawyer in New York and Brooklyn. Justice Cardozo was the first of the older tenants to speak to her graciously in the elevator. "Well, are you coming or going this time?" he would say when he found that her rapidly growing clientele was taking her frequently to Hollywood and to London; and one day he talked to her for quite a long time in the hall, and said that she was realizing his own youthful ambition, which had been connected not with being a Chief Justice but with rushing around all over the world on behalf of his clients. Fanny has never brought a case before him since he was appointed to the Supreme Court, but whenever he sees her in Washington, he always remembers her and makes a point of saying "How do you do?" She treasures that. Some of the older lawyers find themselves occasionally in more solid contact with her. Recently a judge who had been chiefly instrumental in trying to keep her out of the Bar Building fourteen years ago was driven by his own domestic troubles into retaining her as counsel in his divorce suit. Fanny has come to be a familiar, hurrying figure to everyone in the Bar Building, and members of the New York City Bar Association next door salute her gravely as she passes, although she is not a member. The Bar Association has no women members.

SEVERAL years ago Fanny persuaded her father and mother to move from the house in Brooklyn where she was born to an apartment in Manhattan, on the upper West Side, and she lives there quietly with them when she is in town. She has been careful to maintain an illusion of simplicity about herself, because it is effective in

contrast to the gaudy celebrities with whom she is associated. She buys her clothes in the girls' departments of various stores, seldom pays more than six dollars for a hat, and owns no jewelry or automobiles, although she has given her mother a car, with chauffeur. At lunchtime she has sandwiches sent in to the office or goes out to lunch in the restaurant of Stern's department store, in the next block. She seems to like the things they have to eat there, such as fruit salad with whipped cream, and cheerfully tips the waitress fifteen cents. She finds people in New York and Hollywood pretty crass on the whole, and thinks of her life here now as a prelude to getting back to England, where the glitter surrounds her. In London, she used to be invited to tea now and then by King George and Queen

Mary; concerning those occasions she says, "I behaved to the King as I would to my own grandfather, with dignity and respect. And I let him do the talking."

Shortly after the Youssouppoff trial, Fanny lunched at Frogmore House with Grand Duchess Xenia and some eight or ten other members of the Russian nobility who were living there while the King and Queen were in London. After the first course, Fanny became oppressed by a curious silence which persisted around the table. It might be some form of court etiquette, she thought, and she tried to keep quiet too. But silence, with Fanny, is impossible for any length of time, and soon she began a conversation with a ten-year-old prince who sat next to her, about making toy boats out of wood and a piece of cloth and sailing them on small lakes. To her further confusion, the entire luncheon party leaned forward and listened, and in another minute everybody was talking about making toy boats. Fanny learned later, from Grand Duchess Xenia, that the Russians hadn't quite known what

an American woman lawyer would like to talk about, and had been pleased to learn that it was something so simple.

Fanny has become great friends with Grand Duchess Xenia since that time. Driving with an American friend in a London taxi one day, Fanny stopped the cab in front of Buckingham Palace. "I simply must drop in and see the Grand Duchess," she said. "She's staying here." Before her friend's incredulous eyes the gates were opened, the great front doors and successive doors. Liveried footmen bowed and announced "Miss Fanny Holtzmann" in turn, as tranquilly as though they had been doing it every day of their lives. Fanny's American friends are frequently startled that way. Some months before Christmas, in 1935, Lillie Messinger, a talent scout for R.K.O. who was sailing for England, received a commission from Fanny. "Find out," Fanny told her, "whether the Duchess of Atholl has alternating or direct current in her London house, and get her an electric waffle iron at Harrod's or Selfridge's. I promised her one for Christmas." The

Duchess got her waffle iron (D.C.) and is reported to be enjoying American waffles right along.

—MARGARET CASE HARRIMAN

(This is the first of two articles on Miss Holtzmann.)

## SONG FOR THE UNDONE

Only the hawk remains:  
The rainbow birds are fled.  
The frail, the downy-feathered  
Singers all are dead.

The weed is victor now:  
Dock and thistle close  
Upon the path where hung  
The lily and the rose.

Only grief grows old—  
Heed not the lying tongue.  
Grief all else survives:  
Joy and love die young.

So sing—what does it matter?  
Let the great hawk dive:  
The rank and purple thistle  
On a grave will thrive.

—HAROLD LEWIS COOK



"Hello, Chief! There's a suspicious-looking character hanging around this neighborhood."



### "NAUGHTY-NAUGHT"

COLLEGE spirit has taken the place of murder at the American Music Hall, and you would hardly notice the difference. "Naughty-Naught" (Yale 1900) is practically "Murder in the Old Red Barn," except that you sing college songs afterward instead of "I Had a Dream, Dear." (You end up by singing "I Had a Dream, Dear" anyway.)

As you must know, the American Music Hall is that startled church on Fifty-fifth Street which found itself harboring a beer garden one night a year or so ago, and which ever since then has successfully catered to carriage trade desirous of more or less self-conscious spoofing of the drama of the nineties. You sit around at tables and tipple (or perhaps go straight down-

stairs to the bar and stay there), while on the stage is unfolded, in the present case, a drama of life at Yale in the days of Gordon Brown and the original Fence. It really is much more fun than it sounds.

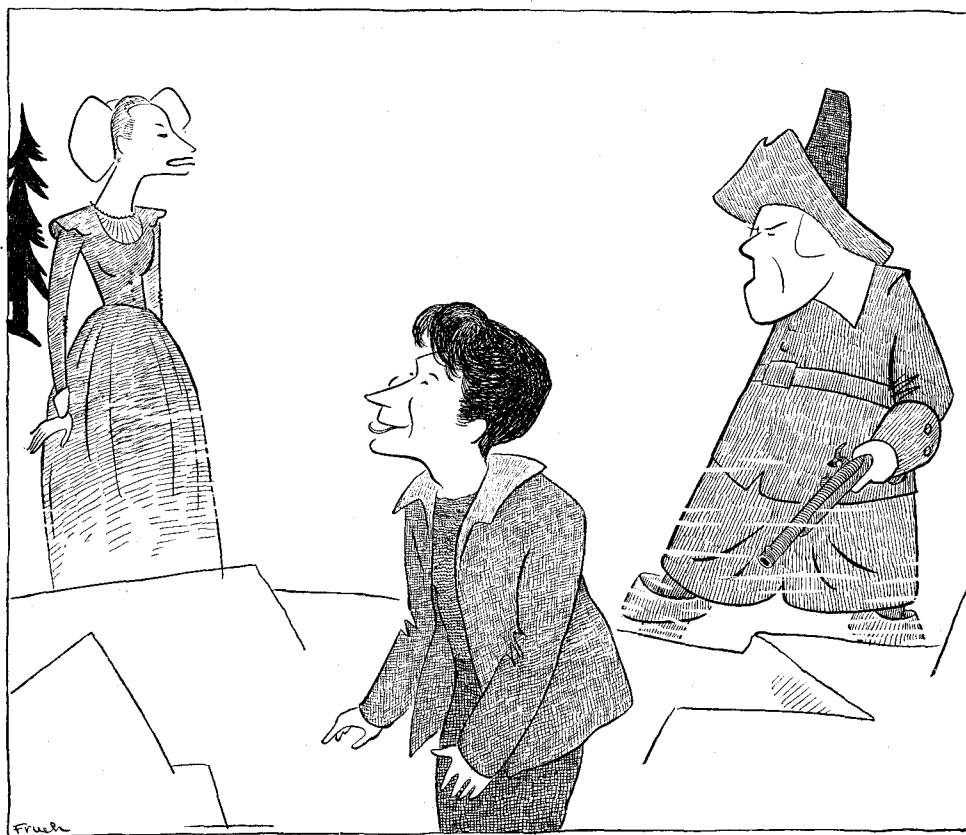
As a drama, "Naughty-Naught" is difficult to analyze. It has the earmarks of a modern work (written by John Van Antwerp) and yet it violates none of the ancient codes. Occasionally one detects a deliberation in its corny quality which is spurious to the point of making it corny in its own right, but on the whole the story of Frank Plover, who made good on the Yale "crew-team" of 1900, is honestly lousy enough to provide a good time between sips. It does not, frankly, ring as true as "Murder in the Old Red Barn," but that is probably because it is not as

true in the first place. Richard Lewine and Ted Fetter have written some incidental music (and being incidental in "Naughty-Naught" is about as incidental as you get) which is catchy and to the point, and the big crew-race scene on the Thames is a marvel of mechanical ingenuity, except that the wrong crew wins.

The actors and actresses all take their parts fine. Alexander Clark is the villain, and, boy, is he villainous! He keeps thinking that he has a larger mustache than he has, but that is an old Yale trait. Bartlett Robinson, as Frank Plover, the roving stroke of the crew-team, is more the John Gielgud type of athlete, but he did all right against Harvard. I think that it was Leslie Litomy who really carried the brunt of Old Eli's tough battle against cigarettes and women. The ladies are, without exception, ravishing, and that goes for the singing waitress who plays left end.

If the American Music Hall is going to be an institution, as it seems to be, I must ask Mr. Maney, the press agent, or the Messrs. Krinsky, the entrepreneurs, to give me a table just a little farther back. This is the second year that I have had to sit all hunched up in defence against the possibility of an acrobat's shuffling onto my neck and spilling my drink. In what used to be known as the "olio," they let people loose on the floor, right by the front tables, who stand on each other and swing through the air, and while they are very good, and seem responsible, accidents do happen and I am allergic to falling bodies. (I have been almost hit twice.) It is very nice of the management to put me so far front, and I appreciate the courtesy, but next year, and I am sure that the American Music Hall will have a next year, let's all play safe.

—ROBERT BENCHLEY



### "HIGH TOR"

*This shows Burgess Meredith looking at Peggy Ashcroft and Charles D. Brown looking at Burgess Meredith. What they are standing on is a Palisade. At the Martin Beck.*

To prevent currants or raisins and quilts from becoming soiled, bind the edges with pieces of cloth about 16 inches wide. These can be dyed the proper color. When soiled, they can be removed and laundered.—*Newburgh (N.Y.) News.*

They'll gum up a raisin pie pretty quick, though.



*Rice Tweeds*—A NEW KNITTED FASHION  
FROM OUR REPERTOIRE FOR THE SOUTH

A lightsome lovely new knitted fashion, highlighted with rice-like flecks. Rice Tweeds are lovely to look at, delightful to wear. The colors are pastels with a new glow, so that even the white is a white you've never seen before. Left, in white, Dutch blue, peach, green. Right, in white, Dutch blue, peach, turquoise, natural. Each, \$16.95

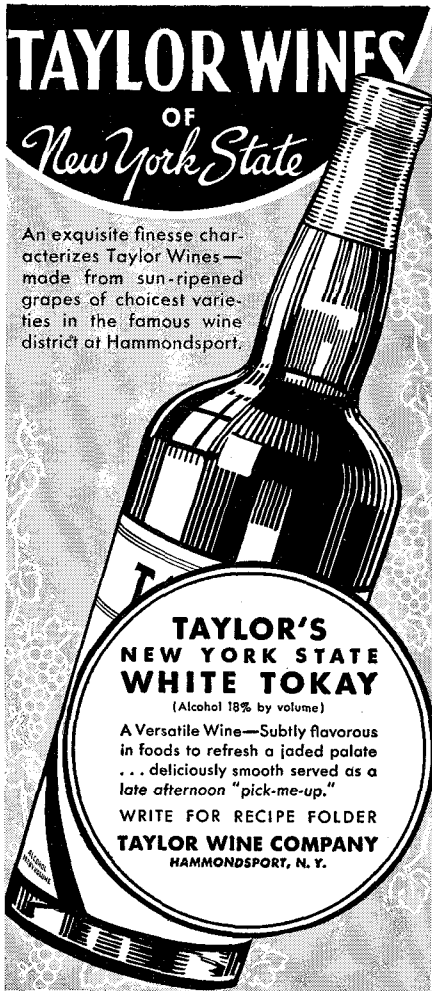
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An exquisite finesse characterizes Taylor Wines—made from sun-ripened grapes of choicest varieties in the famous wine district at Hammondsport.

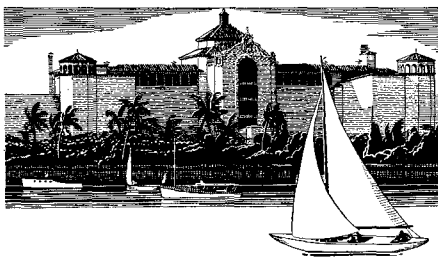


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NEW YORK STATE  
WHITE TOKAY**  
(Alcohol 18% by volume)

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WRITE FOR RECIPE FOLDER  
**TAYLOR WINE COMPANY**  
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**BRITISH COLONIAL  
HOTEL**  
NASSAU...BAHAMAS



There is a charm, a gracious leisure, about life in this island capital of the British West Indies. And to the visitor from the North, the colourful scenes and atmosphere of the past, the tropic beauty of land and sea, make each hour in Nassau an adventure. Towering above the ancient town from a tropical estate on the harbour-front, overlooking the sea, the British Colonial Hotel reflects the most delightful side of island life... with a new concept of resort luxury.

**NASSAU**  
**BRITISH WEST INDIES**

• Overnight from Miami by ship; 2 hours via daily airliner — 2½ days by direct ship from New York. Address British Colonial Booking Director, 521 Fifth Avenue (Suite 1238-41), New York. Phone Murray Hill 2-3740.

## OF ALL THINGS

**O**WING to the Twentieth Amendment, there were no lame ducks at the inaugural ceremonies. Yet what a lovely day it would have been for them!

•  
A New York economic royalist proposes to deduct his G.O.P. campaign contribution from his income-tax return. It has some of the elements of charity, educational gift, loss in speculation, and a bad debt.

•  
President Butler fears that the proposed Twenty-second Amendment would put 42,000,000 children under the direct control of Congress. Little Willie would say, "I wish I could work in a mill, but that ol' Congress makes me go out and play."

•  
"Adolf Hitler Schools" will be established in Germany to teach the young Nazis how to be future Führers. Under competent instruction, the little fellows will acquire a good working ignorance of history, literature, and race problems.

•  
The motor workers are now proposing to extend the strike to other companies besides General Motors. At last something practical is being done to put an end to traffic congestion.

•  
Father Coughlin has withdrawn his withdrawal and signed up for a year of broadcasts. The keeper of a radio, unless vigilant, is doomed to have the currency problem solved again every Sunday evening.

•  
When it is flood time in the Middle West, New Yorkers look with affection at their well-behaved East River and Hudson. Those streams stay in their beds, instead of running around the streets at all hours.

•  
The Shah of Persia, offended by a joke in a French magazine, recalled his envoy. This department deeply regrets this breach of international amity and wishes it could hear the joke.

•  
"Four years from now," says the *Times*, "a new man, perhaps the head of another party, will be taking the oath of office." What party would that be, John Hamilton would love to know.  
—HOWARD BRUBAKER



## MAURICE and CORDOBA

Dancers of grace and distinction... THE OLYMPIC TRIO, sensational roller-skating exhibition... "ZINGO," the comedy steed... DON AZPIAZU and his Cuban-American band... **GLEN GRAY** and the famous **CASA LOMA** dance orchestra... For reservations: Circle 6-1400

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CONCERT AND RADIO STAR PRESENTS  
Leonard Sillman's  
**"NEW FACES"**  
**Dick Gasparre**  
AND HIS ORCHESTRA  
DINNER and SUPPER DANCING  
For reservations call "Eugene" Wick 2-1000

HOTEL  
*Ambassador*  
PARK AVE • 51st to 52nd STS • NEW YORK

# OUT OF TOWN

## *The Golden Isles—Beast, Bird, and Fish*

**S**EA ISLAND, the fairly new and increasingly popular Georgia resort, is getting to be pretty much of a year-round place, but its big season begins next week. On February 1st prices go up, and stay up until April 15th. It is still possible to get reservations, but before you make any plans, it would be wise to call the New York office (Pennsylvania 6-2060) and talk it all over.

In case you don't know the Sea Island setup, it's a company-controlled project, started by Mr. Howard E. Coffin about a decade ago. Back in 1911 he got the idea of forming a colony on one of the so-called Golden Isles off the Georgia coast if any of them could be made easily accessible to the mainland. In 1926 a causeway was thrown over the Marshes of Glynn, between Brunswick and St. Simons Island, and the development of Sea Island, which is really a part of St. Simons Island, was made possible. Some eighty families (the Eugene O'Neills are the most-publicized) have built cottages or houses there, but the centre of life is the Cloister Hotel, which is Mediterranean (or plain Palm Beach) in architecture, and was designed by the late Addison Mizner. A new wing has been tacked onto it this year, joining the original hotel with a building containing social and game rooms, a grill, and the like. The company also runs the Cloister Apartments, a group of cottages, a yacht club, a fishing camp, a beach casino, an eighteen-hole golf course, a gun club for trap and skeet shooting, a private school for children between six and twelve years old, riding stables, a fresh-water swimming pool lighted from below, and a hunting preserve. There are facilities for tennis, bicycling, croquet, archery, badminton, ordinary bowling and bowling-on-the-green, horseback riding, and plain or fancy barbecuing. If all else fails, you can hunt turtle eggs. The place's pride, however, is the hunting preserve, on the mainland, two hours away by motor or one hour by speedboat. Here are 65,000 acres, set aside for hunting alone, and fitted out with a lodge and cabins. It's one of the few places left in the East where wild turkeys are abundant, and there are plenty of deer, quail, doves, and marsh hen. As for fishing, you can do anything, from

deep-sea fishing in a forty-five-foot boat to catching flounder from the terrace of the Apartments with a rod in one hand and a copy of Zane Grey in the other.

Prices at the hotel for the February 1st-April 15th stretch range from \$11 to \$16 a day, American plan, for a single room. A double room is \$20 to \$26; a suite for two, \$32 to \$36. Prices are about the same in the Apartments. Cottages and houses, whether run by the company or privately owned,

rent for a wide variety of prices; at this time of year, from about \$250 to \$600 a month. As to getting there, if you have your own plane, you can land right on St. Simons Island; if you have your own boat, you can go down the Inland Waterway and tie up at the dock. If you want to go by train, take either the Orange Blossom, which leaves New York at 1:30 P.M., to Thalmann, Georgia, where, at 9:31 the next morning, you'll be met by car; or the Gulf Coast Limited, which leaves New York at 2:05 P.M. and at 8:50 A.M., drops you off at Nahunta, where you will also be met.

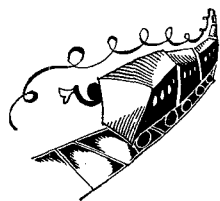
**C**ONTRARY to an official-looking document which came to this department last week, announcing that there is no turkey hunting to be had on the whole Florida peninsula, there is some there. The best bet (you'll need a map for the next couple of paragraphs) is in Lee County or around Homohassa, on the west coast, where, by the way, Dazzy Vance, the ex-pitcher, has a flourishing camp. By the time you read this, there will be a bit less than three weeks of bird shooting left this season. However, if you're just now trekking south, here are a few notes: Turkey and quail may be shot until February 15th, and quail are plentiful this year. It's hard to give advice on Florida quail, because they're restless; what you really need is an hourly bulletin on their movements. However, in the northern part of the state, try the country around Madison, Perry, and Live Oak; in the southern end, stick a pin into the map and take potluck—you're quite likely to hit a good place. Bring your own dog if you possibly can, as well-trained ones are scarce down there. After February 15th, forget about birds and go after

panther, bear, and wildcat, none of which are protected at any season. You can find them in the Everglades, a national park with plenty of habitable hotels and hunting camps. The place is well policed by helpful and courteous state game wardens. There's good bear hunting, too, between the Indian River and the ocean. Again, think about a dog. In bear hunting, you need a dog about as much as you need cartridges. Big game can also be had in the Big Cypress Swamp, about seventy-five miles southeast of Fort Myers. This is Seminole country, but Seminoles don't scalp. A nonresident hunting licence for the season costs \$25.50; a special one, good for ten days, is \$10.50.

For fresh-water fishing, about all you have to remember is that bass is the important Florida fish (there's a record of a nineteen-pounder being taken). Lake County has over a thousand lakes, which makes it a good concentration point. Okeechobee, the largest in the state, is well stocked, and so is the second largest, Apopka. Your licence, good for a year, will cost you \$10.50 if you're a nonresident.

Unless you're tied to Miami, you'll find the eighty-four-mile stretch from Stuart to Fort Lauderdale on the east coast about as good as any for salt-water fishing. Palm Beach is in the dead centre of this stretch. At West Palm Beach a top-rank fishing guide is Herman Gray, the man who guides President Roosevelt, and who also has guided Mr. Hoover. He charges about \$60 a day for boat, tackle, and advice; Presidential anecdotes are thrown in. If you're not in the mood for that, there are plenty of good guides in Palm Beach who charge less: \$25 a day and up. Sailfish is the big prize, but kingfish, amber jack, dolphin, marlin, and tuna aren't sissies. Tuna generally aren't around much until spring, but this year several have already been hooked off Fort Myers. At Key Largo you ought to get plenty of bonefish, and maybe some barracuda. At Key West there's tarpon fishing the year round. Two excellent places on the west coast are Everglades City and Lee County. In addition to a good variety of fish, they offer turtle and shark. Along the five-hundred-mile coastline of Lee County, incidentally, 2,864 tarpon were hooked from March through September last year, an all-time record. No licence is required for salt-water fishing in Florida, provided you don't sell your catch. You can eat it, mount it, or pose with it free of charge.

—S. R. W.



# "On Watch" FOR



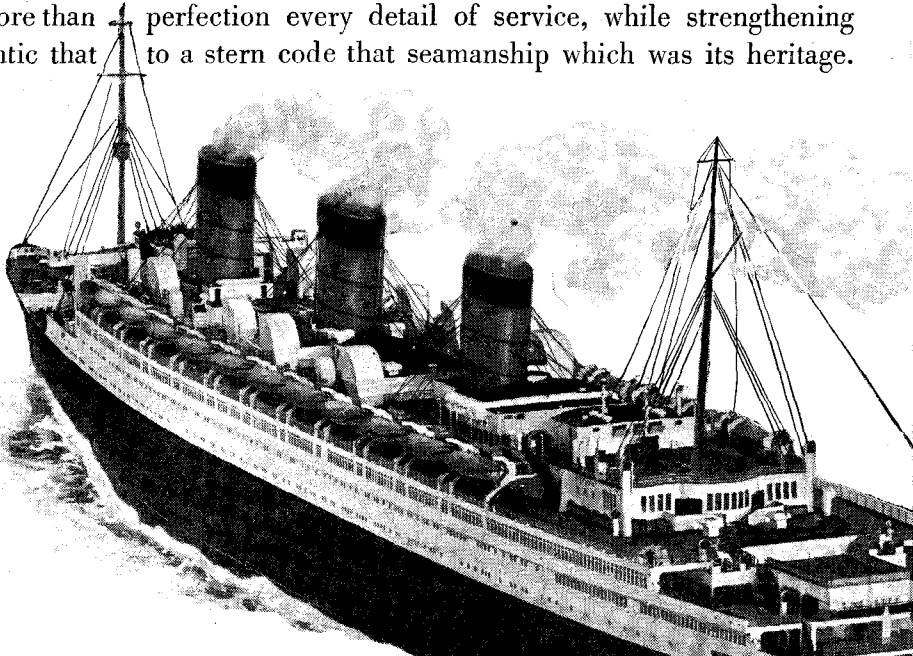
Senior First Officer J. G. Boxhall and Junior Third Officer E. A. Divers on the bridge of the Aquitania. Besides the Captain, Staff Captain and Chief Officer, there are six other executive officers on the largest liners—three seniors and three juniors. A senior and junior officer are always on duty together.

THE BRITISH TRADITION DISTILL

# NEARLY A CENTURY...

The officers on the bridge of every Cunard White Star liner, keep a "watch" that has gone on, in endless alternation, for nearly a century! True, there were only four ships at the beginning, when Cunard inaugurated the first regular transatlantic steamship service in 1840. But the fleet grew to twice that number within the same decade. Before 1850, sailings were made weekly. And so then, as now, there were ships of this Line standing out on the high seas, at all times... bound eastward and westward, saluting each other as they passed. Throughout more than four score years, no breeze has swept the Atlantic that

did not flutter from some masthead the rampant lion and the white star of these house flags. Every half hour of every night, inexorable as time itself, the lookout in the crow's nest of some Cunard White Star liner has been calling out those ancient words: "Lights burning bright, sir—all's well!" Through this rotation, ceaseless as the ocean tides, it was inevitable that Cunard White Star should have raised even higher the tradition of Britain on the seas... should have polished to perfection every detail of service, while strengthening to a stern code that seamanship which was its heritage.



## Sailings in this Coronation Year demand early reservations !

Plan an early crossing... April sailings are already booking rapidly! Give yourself time to enjoy the spring festivities that will reach their climax with the Coronation on May 12. Choose your ship from the largest fleet on the Atlantic... book through your local agent or Cunard White Star, 25 Broadway and 638 Fifth Avenue, New York.

### Express from New York to Cherbourg and Southampton:

*Berengaria* . . . . . Feb. 3; Mar. 3, 17; Apr. 14; May 4, 20  
*Queen Mary* . . . . . Feb. 24; Mar. 10, 24; Apr. 7, 21; May 5, 26  
*Aquitania* . . . . . Mar. 31; Apr. 28; May 12; June 2, 1

**To England (Plymouth and London) (via Halifax):**  
*Antonia* . . . . . Feb. 4  
*Alaunia* . Feb. 18, Mar. 18  
*Ausonia* . Feb. 25, Mar. 25  
*Aurania* . . Mar. 4, Apr. 1  
*Ascania* . Mar. 11, Apr. 8  
*Carinthia* (To Liverpool) Apr. 3

**To Ireland, France, England:**  
*Britannic* . Apr. 5, May 1  
*Georgic* . . . . . Apr. 13  
**To Ireland and England:**  
(via Boston)  
*Scythia* . Jan. 30, Feb. 27, Mar. 27, Apr. 23  
*Samaria* . Feb. 13, Mar. 13  
*Antonia* (via Halifax) . Apr. 9

**To Scotland, Ireland:**  
(via Belfast)  
*Lancastria* . . . . . 5  
*Andania* . . . . . 19  
*Antonia* . . . . . ar. 5  
*Andania* . . . . . ar. 19  
*Samaria* (via Boston) . or. 16  
*Carinthia* (via Boston) . or. 27

Weekly from Montreal beginning April 23: to Plymouth, Havre, London; to Glasgow, Belfast, Liverpool.

### CUNARD WHITE STAR WINTER CRUISES

Fourteen Sunshine Cruises through February and March... 6 to 20 days in length... visiting from one to fourteen ports of the West Indies and South America... rates from \$70 and up.  
*The AQUITANIA Cruise de Luxe* to Bahia, Montevideo for Buenos Aires (river steamer included), and 5 Caribbean ports... sailing New York February 17... 40 days... \$40 and up.

### AQUITANIA

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### LAURENTIC

**ANDANIA    AUSONIA**  
**ANTONIA    ASCANIA**  
**ALAUNIA    AURANIA**

WISHES CUNARD

## BOOTS OF EMPIRE

THE crisis is long past, *Time* having officially consigned it to oblivion, and my only excuse for returning to it now is in the interests of that omniscient and convenient being, the Future Historian. I hasten to add that I can cast no light on the crisis itself. The Future Historian will have to turn to Walter Lippmann, or somebody, for that. But I do want to give the Historian, before it's too late, one little pointer in regard to what ended the disturbance.

It is thanks to a picture that I make this contribution. The picture was in *Life*. There is nothing of the super-modern about it; it is not a candid-camera or a wire-photo. Far from it. The picture is in the great classical tradition of photography that stems directly from the daguerreotype and the family group. It is posed. You can bank on it that the photographer had an appointment, seated his subjects, spent quite a bit of time rearranging them—the head a lot more to the side, the foot thrust forward a trifle—then stuck his head under a black cloth, saying "Look pleasant, please," and emerged smiling, with the remark "I think we have just what we want." The result is on page 57 of the December 28th issue of *Life*, in case by any chance you missed it, and it bears the caption:

MR. AND MRS. STANLEY BALDWIN,  
LATELY VICTORIOUS . . . AT HOME AT  
ASTLEY HALL IN THE ENGLISH MID-  
LANDS

The picture is just what the title says. It is Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Baldwin; they are victorious, both of them; they are at home; it's Astley Hall, all right; and it is the English Midlands.

As to their being victorious, Mr. Baldwin is trying not to let on just how well he knows it. Take a look, however, at Mrs. Baldwin. That smile gives it all away.

As to their being at home, they are seated on the very hearth.

As to its being Astley Hall, look at the panelling, the hewn-oak furniture, the hardware.

As to its being the English Midlands, the entire picture is proof. In our own Midlands, there wouldn't be a hearth, or not a real one. The real family hearth would be the new oil burner in the basement. And if a couple had their pictures taken by the fireplace upstairs just for looks, say, they wouldn't sit on it. The room would be warm enough

whether the fireplace was lighted or not. Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin, in their Midlands, are out to give the impression that they are seated at the brave, sturdy centre of true, homely, British discomfort. But the fireplace itself tells the story. The sticks are neatly laid, but that little lick of flame is never going to heat up Astley Hall. It won't even take the chill off the hardware. If you are dreaming of England as the place of mellow, mossy stones and ivy, let this picture remind you that the English Midlands are the home of hardware. There are as many pieces of primitive, primeval hardware around the Baldwin hearth as in any model of an Early American kitchen set up in a museum to show us how our ancestors got along. Anyway, the Baldwins have to sit on their hearth, because there's nowhere else in the picture to sit. I can make out a settle, a footstool, and a chest, but these are all too staunchly hewn of English oak to offer much in the way of sitting.

The photograph is full of fine, familiar detail. Mr. Baldwin holds a pipe and Mrs. Baldwin a book. He isn't smoking and she isn't—well, I wouldn't say she's exactly lost in her story. I'm not missing Mrs. Baldwin's Mary-the-Queen-Mother pompadour, or her pearls, her English knitwear, her skirt so decently arranged just to show the nice strap-style slipper with moderate heel. But while carvings, settle, pipe, fire, book, candlesticks, snuffers, bed-warmer, whatnot, all are there, the fascinated eye returns again and again to rest upon Mr. Baldwin's boots. The Future Historian must look to them when he finally gets around to checking up the British crisis.

LET all Americans observe that these are boots, not shoes. Shoes are not made with soles so stout, laces so well looped, or to accommodate socks so thickly ribbed. The little strap at the back is for aid in pulling on and off, which is plainly a chore. See how firmly these boots are planted on the rug. Yet there is a certain subtlety about them, too. They are discreet, although so stoutly fashioned. It is hard to believe that boots so stiff could be so smooth of tread, or that boots so well oiled could be so inflexible. It is in such boots as these, not in those awesome affairs, reaching to the thigh, in which Georges and Edwards review their troops in the newsreels, that one

can hear the real tread and squeak of Empire.

Yet the boots do recall the ancient American parental shoe (with apologies to Mr. Baldwin for the comparison), which resounds no longer from the bedroom floor above the parlor sofa where the youthful lovers sit spooning. The American counterpart of Mr. Baldwin's boot has not been dropped these many years. It is vanishing even from anecdotes. Blame it on the increase of automobiles, if you will—parked cars, the younger generation. The modern shoe must bear a portion of the blame. No low shoe, Oxford style, revealing socks to match the tie, can be dropped with any authority. When Mr. Boettiger or Ethel du Pont called on the scions and scionesses in the White House, did Mr. Roosevelt drop his shoe? If he did, nobody heard it.

But Mr. Baldwin had only to pound with his boot, and it sent the unwelcome lady fleeing clear across the Channel. That's obvious from the picture. The gaiters of the Archbishop of Canterbury, when viewed in full, begin to seem a trifle quaint, even in England. Thinking back over the newsreels, I can't recall the ex-King Edward's footgear. Those hip-length things, of course, were just for state occasions, to go with the two-foot fur bonnets. His Cinderella, who is reliably reported to have pretty feet and likes to show them, quite clearly stood no chance. Even glass slippers wouldn't have helped her.

But when the boots in the photograph thump or tiptoe down the halls, they calm the shaking Empire. The watchman cries that all is well. The clock is wound, the cat is out, the fire is banked, the bolts are drawn. Nobody's going to get out of the house to trysts not approved, or come back in at some godless hour after ten-thirty.

So if Edward VIII had to keep step with these boots, it will be safe for the Future Historian to assume that he could find better going outside the island. The boots wouldn't have looked so well at the wedding, marching down the aisle to give the bride away. But they're the kind that comes out strong at funerals.

—RUTH SUCKOW

### IT'S ABOUT TIME DEPARTMENT

[Headlines in the American]

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THAT KEEPS YOU PERFECT.

UP ALL DAY LONG



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You apply it before your own mirror  
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It's still perfect—just as it was a minute  
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ing up in uneven light during the day!

## A Discovery That's The Rage of Paris—And That's Making Women Everywhere Adopt This Natural Colorful Make-Up

**I**N PARIS women have found a new way in make-up. A cheek rouge that stays just the way you put it on all day long; no matter *what* you do.

You apply it in the morning, under the familiar lights of your own dressing table, where you can see that it's on properly, evenly—and in just the right tone to bring out your best points. And it stays that way all day long. Walk, dance, go in a pool—do anything you like—yet your cheeks are divinely perfect without a further thought!

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It's an exquisite *cream rouge*, called Angelus Rouge Incarnat, that comes in subtle natural colors to blend with every complexion, eye-color and hair. Colors that bring new allure to blond, brunette or titian.

Being a *cream rouge*, it blends natural color directly *into* the skin—not merely on the surface. With this new way your make-up is so natural that only an expert with a magnifying glass could detect that you used rouge to give color to your cheeks.

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that gives a subtly sophisticated tone to lips  
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## THE RACE TRACK

### *Hialeah Uncertainties*

**E**VERYBODY has been trying to forget about odds-on favorites at Hialeah Park. The shock of the week, of course, was the discomfiture of Tintagel in the Tropical Purse, which, by the way, had nothing to do with Tropical Park. Horseplayers, along a wailing wall which stretched from the Paddock Club to the Roney-Plaza, complained that it was bad enough for Tintagel to be beaten, but to see him finish fourth was almost more than those who'd bet on him gaily at 1-10 to show—just to win supper money, they said—could bear.

The stewards seemed to think that Tintagel ran badly because his tongue was tied down. (In case you're not majoring in hippology, trainers say that they tie the tongues of their horses down either to keep them from running wide on the turns in a race or so the stupid animals won't tuck their tongues under their bits and choke themselves.)

Colonel Tantivy Martingale, the old Pollyanna, suggests that the stewards probably wished the horseplayers, who booed for twenty-seven seconds by the best stopwatches, also had had their tongues tied down.

**T**HE failure of Whopper wasn't quite so complete, for he finished second in the Key Largo purse. Most of the clubhouse trainers insisted that riding orders, or the overconfidence of his jockey, beat him. But I thought that the distance of the race was too much for Whopper, who looks powerful enough to run ten miles, but prefers six furlongs. If I'm wrong, we'll find out this weekend, for I fancy Whopper will start in the Miami Beach Handicap.

Two Bob, who beat Whopper, is from the stable of Mrs. Emil Denmark, and is trained by Bert Michell, who saddled twelve winners in the first ten days at Hialeah, a feat on any track. Michell, a big, broad-shouldered, slow-speaking Canadian, dresses during working hours as horsemen do on the half-mile tracks. When he took Reigh Count over to England some years ago, the trainers at Newmarket playfully told him that when he saddled his horse at Ascot for the Gold Cup, he would



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### RESTAURANTS LONGCHAMPS

have to wear a frock coat and top hat. Michell didn't mind the coat, but he balked at the top hat. The British trainers insisted that that was the custom. "Well," said Michell, "if I must wear one, get me one of those collapsible blighters." At their farewell dinner to Michell, all of the British trainers wore opera hats.

Michell, incidentally, saddled the winner of the Hialeah Stakes last weekend, E. D. Shaffer's Log. However, I thought Mary Hirsch's No Sir was awfully unlucky to lose. I liked Joe Widener's Advocate, too, but he needs winding up.

**I** DON'T know when there have been such good two-year-olds at Hialeah. There's the Greentree Stable's Septime, and the Wheatley Stable's Scarce, a colt by Distraction, who is worth remembering. Also, Jock Whitney won two races last week, one with Singing Slave, a filly by Royal Minstrel, and another with Family Friend, a colt by Wise Counsellor.

While we're on the subject, Alfred Vanderbilt apparently has another Airflame in Balking, a home-bred filly by Balko. According to my heliograph reports—slightly delayed—from Santa Anita, Balking equalled Airflame's world's record of 33 seconds for three furlongs in her first start and then won in 33½ because she didn't have to run any faster.

**T**HE Hon. George was watching a dozen trainers give riding orders with all that show of mystery trainers put on. "Nine of those men are telling their jockeys to be in third place, and close to the rail at the turn into the stretch," he said. "If the boys do as they're told, I'm afraid the track isn't going to be quite wide enough at that point."  
—AUDAX MINOR

To make the vents, the side seams of the coat are opened up from the bottom about six inches, so that the tail—the coat's tail—flops free. This lets you into your hip pocket quickly if you're going to sneeze.—*The American Boy.*

Alas, we're not as spry as we used to be.

#### A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[From the Rochester  
(N.Y.) Times-Union]

Dark, old halls and vestibules with woodwork finished in dark colors, will be remarkably lighter if the woodwork and walls are refinished in light colors.

**When Slopes are White  
and  
Feet Take Wings...**



Jane Wyatt, Star in "Lost Horizon"—A Columbia Picture



### SPRING SKIING

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## A REPORTER AT LARGE

ALMOST all the local broadcasting stations have a program feature like the "Inquiring Reporter" of the tabloids—a microphone is set up on a street corner, and chance pedestrians are buttonholed and interviewed. The street program of the National Broadcasting Company is called "Your Neighbors;" Columbia's, "Sidewalk Interviews;" and WOR's (which follows people right into their apartments), "Let's Visit." WINS has an "Inquiring Microphone," WMCA conducts what is called "Street Forum." Several weeks ago Miss Frankie Basch and Mr. Martin Starr, the WMCA folk in charge of the Street Forum, said they would let me go out with them and watch them at work. WMCA, which describes itself on the air as being "at the top of the dial," is actually on Broadway, a little above Fifty-third Street. There, at about a quarter of one in the afternoon, I was taken in tow by Miss Basch, a short, bustling, red-haired woman in her thirties, with a cigarette in her mouth. She is a specialist in interrogating men, but all she said to me was "Well, are you ready to leave?" I said I was.

"What's the question for today, Frankie?" one of the men in the office asked. She took her cigarette out of her mouth and said, "What would you like to do to improve yourself?" No one made any reply or comment. "Mustn't forget my pins," Miss Basch said to me. "Can't have a street broadcast without pins, can we?" From her desk she took a big boxful of round, white pins, like campaign buttons, with "Street WMCA Forum" on them, and poured about a dozen into her handbag. Then we went outdoors and started down Broadway. A light January drizzle was falling, and I wondered if it might not discourage people from standing on the sidewalk and broadcasting their views to the world. "Like fun it will," Miss Basch said when I asked her.

The location of a street broadcast is never announced in advance. This has been the rule ever since one radio station gave public notice of a broadcast from Grand Central, saying it would be held near the information booth, and drew a huge, completely unmanageable crowd of people battling for a chance to talk about themselves. People who wanted to talk about trains couldn't get anywhere near the clerks, and the clerks didn't want to listen to anything but the broadcast

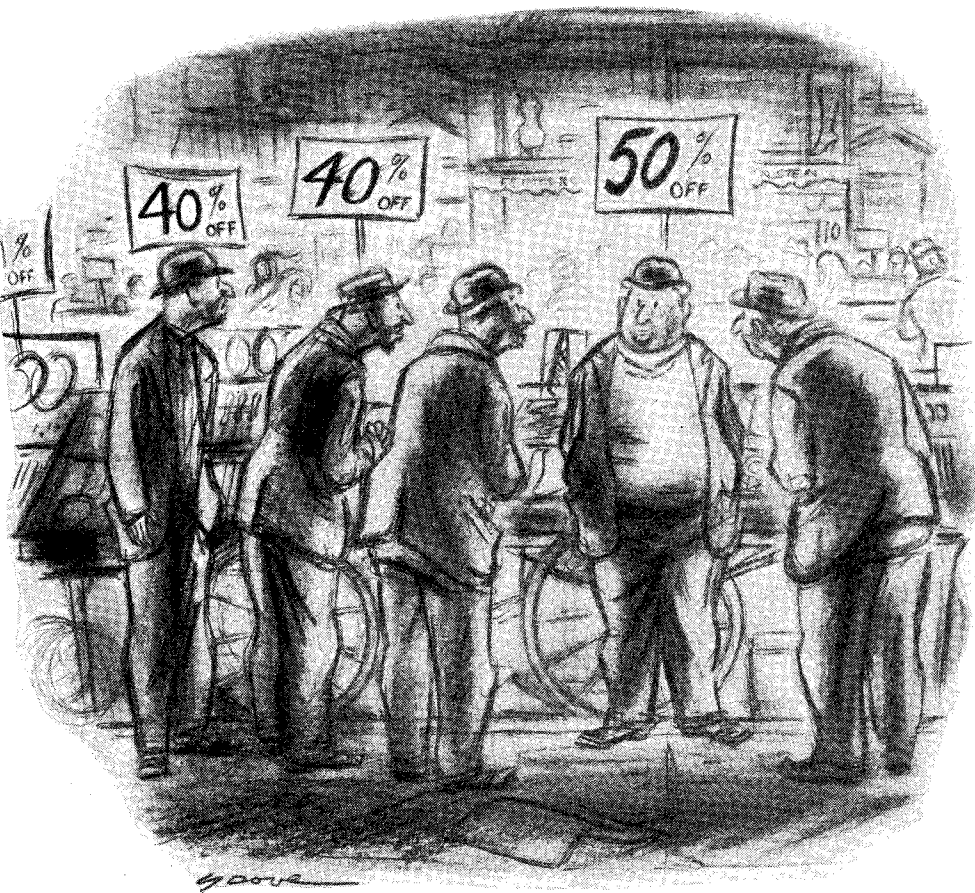
### PUBLIC OPINION

anyway. Miss Basch told me that today we were to broadcast from the corner of Seventh Avenue and Forty-second Street. When we arrived there, she ventured dangerously out into the middle of the street, and wigwagged up at the windows of the Republic Restaurant, the Chinese dine-and-dance palace which occupies the third floor of the corner building. Somebody up there wigwagged back. "I'm telling our boys up there that we're all here and rarin' to go," Miss Basch said to me. "They're telling me O.K." I noticed on her black gnome's hat a tiny silver pin made of the letters WMCA.

Along came her partner, Martin Starr, a toastmasterish young chap in a chesterfield. He complained of feeling tired, the result of a party given by Twentieth Century-Fox, and asked what time we had. Comparing watches, we all agreed that it was four minutes of one. In less than three hundred seconds our program was to be broadcast from nine stations of the Inter-city Network, from New Hampshire to

Maryland. There now arrived Allan Ray, the smooth-looking program announcer, and Charlie Capps, the station's chief engineer, a slim, sallow, and agreeable young man of thirty or so. We just stood around, on the sidewalk.

"Juliet, you look beautiful tonight," said Martin Starr, gazing up at the restaurant window, where a curtain was stirring. The window opened, and out came purling a long, black cable with a microphone hanging from it, like a lump of coal. Descending, the microphone displayed upside down the letters WMCA. A dozen passersby, all of them men, stopped to watch. The microphone came within reach, and one of the passersby caught it. "Thank you," said Charlie Capps, the engineer, taking it from him. Several people picked up the cable and examined it curiously. The crowd about the microphone was now so thick that Martin Starr put a card reading "WMCA" in his hatband. When he wanted to pass through the crowd, he pointed to the card and everybody made way for him. "We'll get our signal from the studio in a minute," he said. "Have to



*"The conservative merchants of Orchard Street have asked us to discuss a problem with you."*

# How to take a European

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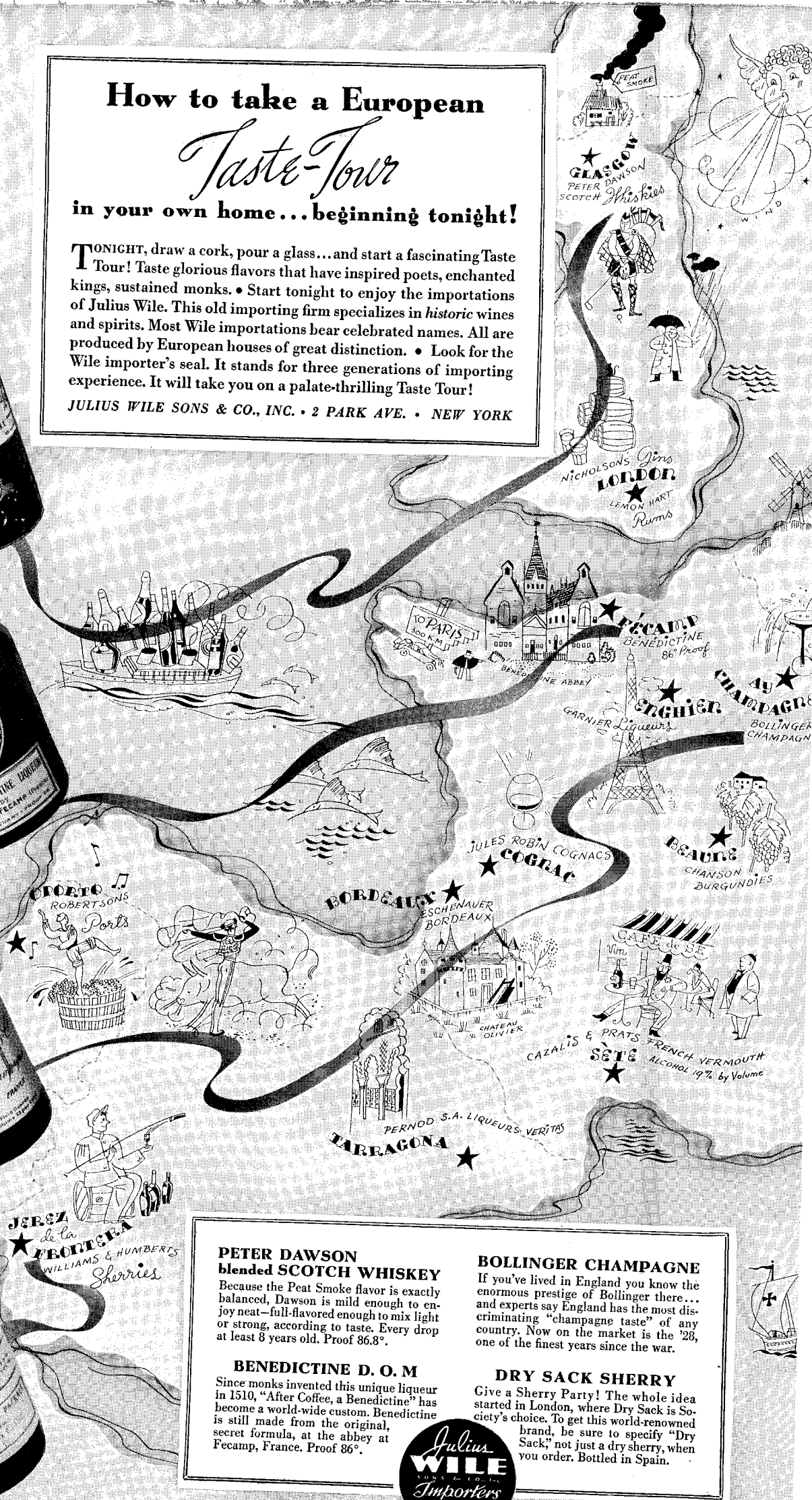
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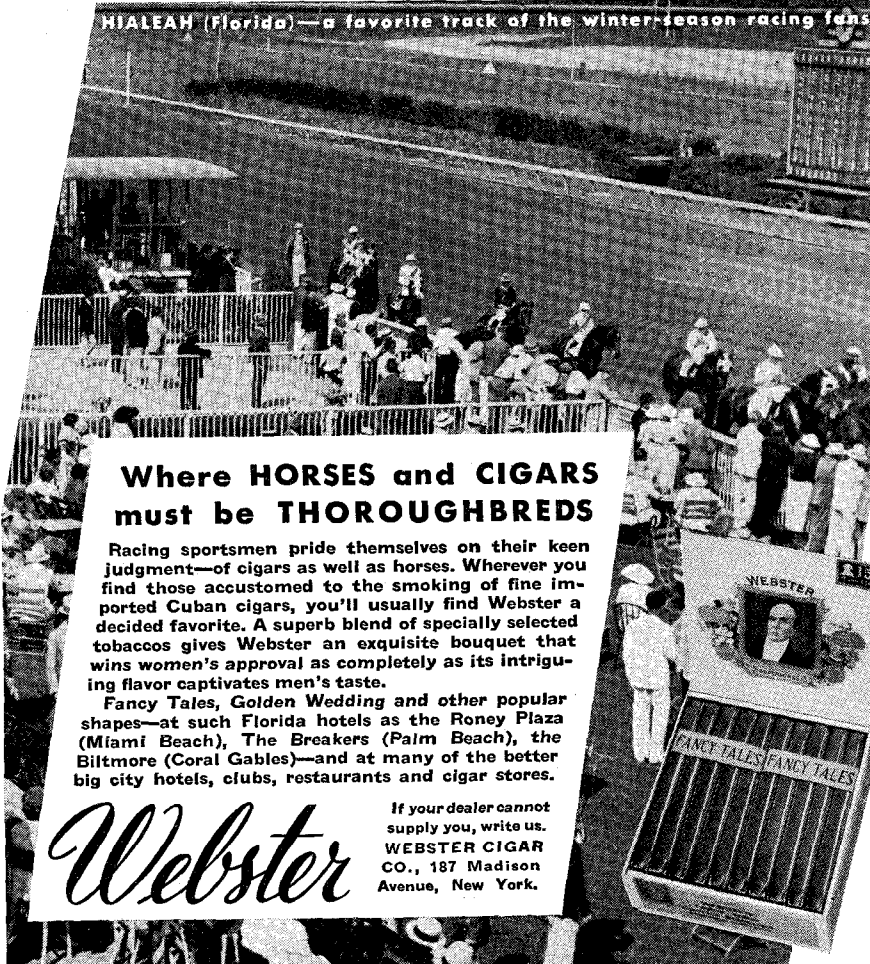
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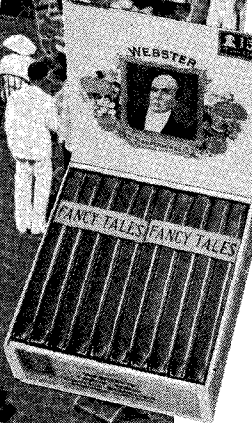
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ad-lib a little on the dead mike, to get the crowd talking."

WHILE Allan Ray held the microphone, Miss Basch began chatting with the men in the street crowd. She told them the question. "Who'd like to answer it?" she asked. "More dough would improve *me*," a youth said. "Me, too," said another. A plump and shabby old man snapped, "I don't see why I should talk for you." Then he added, "But I tell you one thing—I ain't going to war for anyone, any time, anywhere." He started to push out of the crowd, then changed his mind and went back to the dead microphone. "No matter *who* they ask us to fight for," he said into it. He shook off Miss Basch's detaining hand and disappeared.

Right at her elbow was a talkative and willing youth of eighteen, who turned out to be one Barney Vogel, of the Bronx. He drew himself up with pride when Miss Basch pinned one of her "Street WMCA Forum" badges on him. "Mr. Vogel will be the first on the air," she said to the crowd. "Turn around, Mr. Vogel, and show them your button. Gentlemen"—she called all the men "gentlemen," while Martin Starr called them "boys"—"gentlemen, you can win this pin only by talking on the air." "What do they really cost?" said a man in overalls. "I'll buy one from you." "You can't," said Miss Basch sweetly. "The only way to get one is to talk on the air." Aspiration stirred, and two or three men edged into places near Barney Vogel.

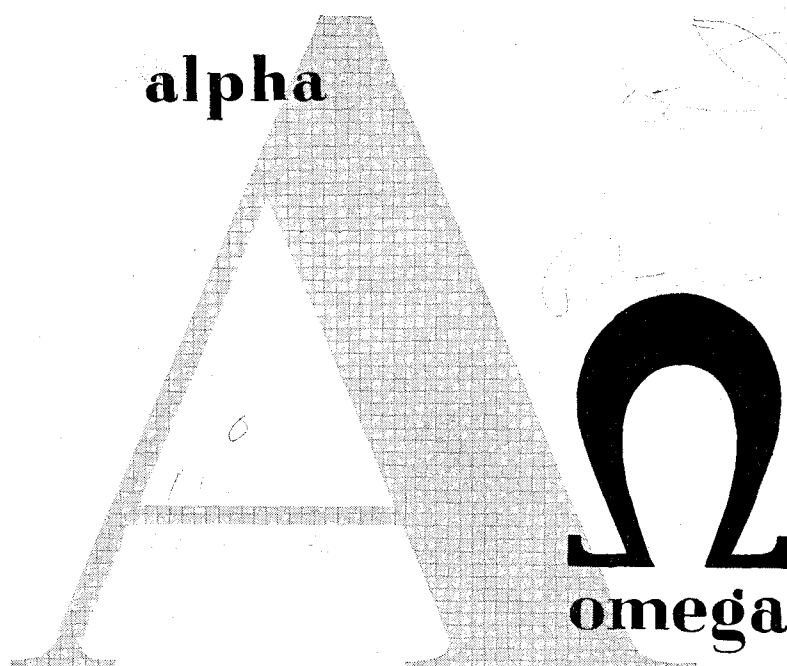
Meanwhile, Martin Starr was pleading, "Boys, I need a lady. *Please* help me get a lady. *There's* a lady, way out there. *Help* the lady, boys—help her get through to the microphone." The lady hurried on, looking back only once. A hand waved from the restaurant window. Charlie Capps, who had been watching for it, said, "We're on the air." Instantly Allan Ray, the announcer, holding the microphone a few inches from his mouth, addressed it in the genteel tones of an offertory. "Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. Once again we bring you Street Forum, those entertaining sidewalk questions that, etc., etc. Standing here at the corner of Broadway and Forty-second Street in Times Square, at the very pulsating heart of the great metropolis, we invite you, etc. And so in a moment Frankie Basch and Martin Starr will be heard asking a question that is perhaps particularly timely just

now . . . " We weren't really on Broadway, but if Allan Ray didn't care, I didn't see why I should.

Frankie Basch took the microphone from Allan Ray, while Martin Starr, ignoring the wistful men near him, tried to get a woman in from the outskirts of the crowd. With Miss Basch holding the microphone out in front of him in a Statue-of-Liberty manner, Barney Vogel told New York, Boston, Laconia, Providence, Waterbury, Philadelphia, Wilmington, Baltimore, and Washington that he thought the way to improve himself was to lay off the women. When Miss Basch asked him why, he er-huh-huh'd and said he thought he better not say why to a lady. He felt, too, he said, that he ought to stay in New York, and not accept a job that had been offered him in Chicago. Then he began to complain of business conditions, stammer, and run his hand through his hair, and it was "Thank you, Mr. Vogel, and may the ladies give you all the help you need in improving yourself." The microphone was taken from Miss Basch by Allan Ray, who passed it right along to Martin Starr, as if it were red-hot.

Charlie Capps had meanwhile gone out on his own and bagged the first woman, a Mrs. Fesler. She was about twenty-eight, small, with a smooth, blank brow, and dressed in Kelly green. To Martin Starr's question, she replied in a very low voice, "I feel I'd like to improve myself, maybe. But I'm sure I never *meant* to do anything wrong in my whole life, not once. Certainly I never did anything on purpose that I thought was going to *harm*—"

"I am sure you never did harm to anyone in your whole life, Mrs. Fesler," Martin Starr comforted her. "All we want to know is what you would *like* to do to improve yourself." He smiled upon her. "In other words, what would you *enjoy* doing to improve yourself?" he urged, with an almost Bacchic enthusiasm. She took a breath at that, and murmured, "Well, I like cooking." Almost before the words were out, Martin Starr was upon her with "Then won't you tell us your favorite recipe?" She hesitated. "Now, don't tell us it's a secret!" Martin cajoled her. "Oh, no, it isn't a secret," she said. "I take three eggs—you can use cold-storage eggs if you want—" "Well, Mrs. Fesler, won't you tell us what the recipe is for?" "It's for Fluff Delight," she said, abashed at her omission. "We-e-ell, Fluff Delight!" said Martin lusciously. "Boy, that sounds good. Won't you tell us all how to



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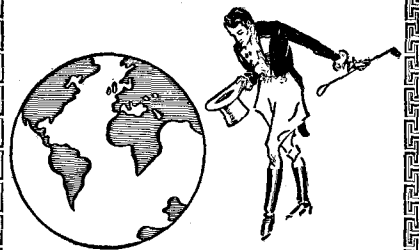
Copr. 1937, Fairfield Pharmacal Corp.

make Fluff Delight?" Thus encouraged, Mrs. Fesler got started again, but her batter took a long time to mix, and Martin cut in on her. "Mrs. Fesler, I'm sure I could never learn how to make Fluff Delight without your personal help, and I hope you'll help me some day. You will, won't you, Mrs. Fesler? Thank you." And then, in a lower tone, to Allan Ray, "Take it away." Allan Ray passed the microphone back to Miss Basch, and shuffled to get his feet out of the coils of cable.

An intelligent-looking man of thirty-five refused to tell Miss Basch what he thought would improve him; he wouldn't even tell her his name. "I might lose my job," he said. Miss Basch had to be satisfied with a hefty student from the Brooklyn Law School, who told about how hard-up lawyers are nowadays. Miss Basch and Martin Starr both listened attentively, without interrupting. Martin's next subject was a Miss Sylvia Friedbaum, who came from New Jersey, but wouldn't say where in New Jersey. Her self-counsel was "I'd like to stop fighting with my sister Pearl." Pearl was right there, too, and Martin said to her, "I suppose you're going to stop fighting with Sylvia and improve both of you. Am I right, Miss Friedbaum?" "No," said Pearl Friedbaum, fifteen and self-possessed. "I'm going to get myself a boy friend." There was laughter, and Pearl added pointedly, "One that treats." "Stick around, boys," said Martin jocosely. "We may be getting a handout of coffee and cakes pretty soon."

Two more men won pins from Miss Basch by giving their names and addresses and saying that they intended to keep away from women. They wandered off together, and stopped to stare at the pictures in front of Minsky's. "What's this, anyway?" Miss Basch asked the microphone with mock distress. "All you men want to improve yourselves by keeping away from women? Is that the only way?" Nobody seemed to have a better suggestion, and the microphone went back to Martin Starr.

Suddenly a harsh snarl came from the edge of the crowd. "Come ahn, break it up there. Don't block the sidewalk. Break it up, now. Move ahn." I was looking around for the blue uniform when Charlie Capps said to me, "Nothing. Just a guy in the crowd with G-man ideas. He's always hanging around here. Likes to make believe he's a cop. Don't pay any atten-



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tion." It seems that the police rarely bother the sidewalk radio crowds.

As Martin Starr opened proceedings with a tall, stern-faced woman who, he told the microphone, "looks as if she'd seen more of life than some of these younger people," Charlie Capps nodded to Allan Ray, and Allan gave Martin a hand signal something like the stretching out of a cat's cradle. It meant, I was told in a whisper, that the tall woman was to be last on the program, but that the interview was to be extended a bit. She was a Mrs. Miriam Schrode of West Orange, and she said, "I want to give both my boys the best education I can afford. That's my way of improving myself—doing for them." "So that's how you get your greatest satisfaction, is it?" said Martin. "It is," said Mrs. Schrode, gripping her purse and starting to leave. "But won't you tell us the names of your boys?" Martin asked, pursuing her with the microphone. Mrs. Schrode said they were Harold and Earl, and that she was helping Earl with his algebra, in which he had failed. Martin was quick with admiration, and she responded to it. "I manage to keep up with them. I never let them get away from me, though they will when they go to college, I suppose." "Well, after college they're off our hands anyway, aren't they?" said Martin, like a patriarch; Mrs. Schrode agreed that this was so. "So thank you, Mrs. Miriam Schrode of West Orange, for giving us the example of a fine mother. Take it away, Allan Ray." He passed the microphone to the announcer.

"Thank you, Martin Starr," said Allan Ray unctuously. He hunched his shoulders to keep the drizzle from going down his neck. "This brings to a close today's Street Forum, brought to you from the corner of Broadway and Forty-second Street, in the heart of New York City. We'll be on the air again tomorrow at this same time with another of these..." The microphone was drawn up into the restaurant, and the crowd began to drift away. "What about that coffee and cake?" somebody called back over his shoulder.

I WENT up into the Republic Restaurant and saw the amplifier-mixer, a black metal apparatus of suitcase size in which decibels of sound were maintained at a constant level by a studio electrician, to the admiration of scores of women lunchers. I thought that the apparatus would be taken away, but it was simply put out back

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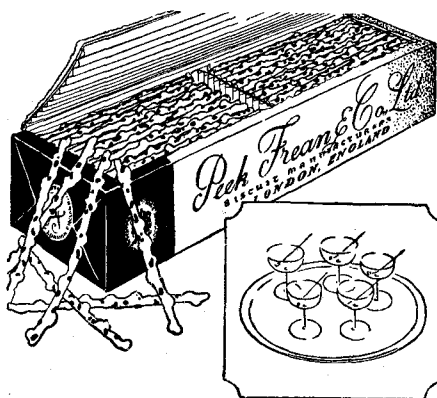
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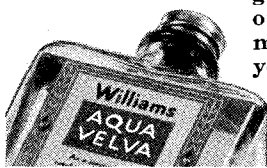
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somewhere among the Chinese, to wait for the next time. I was told that WMCA has about fifty outlets, all over greater New York—Times Square, the waterfront, Yorkville, Harlem. The self-contained pack-on-back outfits used to broadcast descriptions of golf matches aren't practical in a city, because of local interference. It costs WMCA thirty-one dollars to get a telephone line which carries the program to the studio.

Street Forum is a sustaining program; that is, its principals are paid by the studio, and there is no commercial sponsor. Street broadcasts in general don't attract sponsors because of the difficulty of working in plugs, and because you can't predict exactly what people are going to say. You might be plugging corn flakes, and somebody would come along and say he didn't like corn flakes. Chance profanity is also a threat to commercial good will.

The greatest day that the Street Forum people ever had was when the news of King Edward's abdication came in. As one of the studio executives said to me, "Radio can ask the people of this country anything, anywhere, and if it's urgent enough, we'll crack a program to do it." WMCA cracked a program, and, being in a breathless hurry to ask people what they thought about the royal romance, they simply lowered a microphone from the studio window. Ten minutes after the idea struck them, they were dredging up bucketfuls of opinion from the crawling sea floor of the city. Miss Basch raced over to Brooklyn and unearthed a Mrs. Simpson, wife of a former catcher for the Dodgers, whose first name is Wally. On the air the lady said yes, she was Mrs. Wally Simpson, and that she thought the King had done exactly right. It will be a long time before anything like that comes WMCA's way again.

—GEORGE WELLER

Dear Miss Blake: A boy asked me out, but I do not approve of his hat and coat. How could I tell him?

**BRIGHT EYES**

—*The News.*

Say you'll see him next summer.

**WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.**

[Adv. in the Syracuse Herald]

NEW LADIES English riding boots, black, size 4½s. Cost \$9.50, bargain at \$5.00. Reason for selling—have no riding horses. Ruth R. Swope, R.D. 3, McDonough, N. Y.



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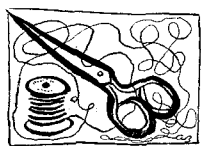
*crème nail polish*

In intriguing, alluring colors for smart girls and youthful women

NY-130

# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## FEMININE FOIBLES



THE sexes are getting along so peacefully that I cannot help lying awake and worrying. It is too much to expect that woman, naturally suspicious and hostile, can continue to be docile when her man expresses his wishes about her clothes. Or that some cloud won't blot out the sunshine of masculine approval—I might even say liking—of the way we dress at the moment.

Naturally, the battle of the sexes will never really end until we go around bareheaded. You'd think that men would either stop their denunciations of women's hats or heed our reasonable request that they go with us to the milliners, but men are just little boys grown up, I always say, and must have an excuse for a scene now and then. The majority have accepted long red fingernails with surprising graciousness and raise a howl only occasionally—usually when a Scotch-and-soda has been summoned to cure a case of the blues. Women, touched, buy sheer black stockings with black heels when their helpmeet speaks wistfully of their allure. This is easy to do, since black not only is becoming but is smart again. You can even go in for trollop black underwear without incurring so much as a raised eyebrow.

After years of research, I have found out only a few things about men, but one is that they seem to like us to be simple and trig, but pert, in the daytime; lush and feminine, and either fluffy or rustling, at night. And, sticking together, as usual, they are inclined to like black. So the shops have large selections of plain black dresses, which are saved from being lugubrious by having square-shouldered short sleeves; zippers down the ribs, to hug the figure; and skirts short enough to show the legs. Many of the necklines are high across the front, and males occasionally wail that these are not alluring, but most of them realize we are trying and are content. Dresses like this are the perfect background for accessories, for we are taking up the Continental idea of varying dresses with bags, gloves, and jewels (but not as many jewels as Mrs. Simpson uses, please. That's the one place where she slips up). It all makes men smile as they recall their very first French countess in Paris, long ago.

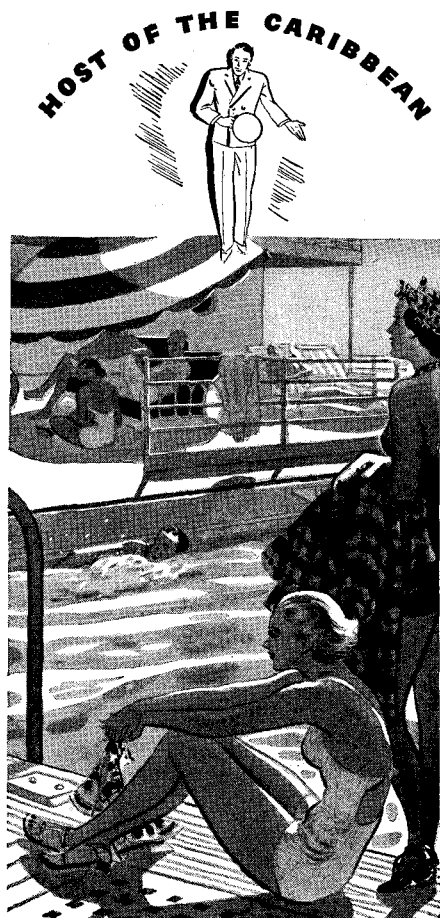
The girls are wearing fur coats that make the other sex relax because they do not look too expensive and important. It may be priceless Russian sable which fashions a little box coat, and swagger things may be constructed of the best broadtail or Persian lamb, but the mood of both is saucy and alive and what-the-hell.

GROOMING, however, counts more than ever. About one thing, and only one, the fashion magazines have stood shoulder to shoulder throughout the years, and that is grooming. Men notice that roll around the waistline, and are increasingly candid about it. You either have to take care of your figure or fuss about the fit of your girdle; preferably, you

do both. They howl with rage when stocking seams aren't exactly straight. Dust on a felt hat or lacquer that is chipping at the end of a fingernail rivets their attention, however brilliant your conversation. They like hair that smells clean, and are willing to submerge their longing for trailing locks if you keep your bob well cut. They like faces that look fresh and not made-up—an effect not easy to get, as the Ardens and the Rubinsteins will tell you. A fleck of lipstick on your teeth, and they go out into the night. And more than almost anything, they notice shoes—college professor and general manager alike. A bit of dust on the suède, a heel run down ever so slightly, and there is hell to pay. Most of them seem to adore pumps—and



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**I**F YOU had a ship of your own . . . with a staff you'd select . . . friends you'd enjoy . . . the Great White Fleet would be its pattern. A Guest Cruise on one of these gleaming liners has an easy grace, the spontaneity of a gay house-party. You are welcomed without fanfare . . . given the keys to the ship, the ports—without tiresome social routine. There are sun decks and shaded sanctuaries for sports and rest, rhythmic dance orchestras—or chairs before an absorbing feature film. Food that steals your faithful cook's laurels . . . The attentions a guest enjoys, at the hands of a friendly host who knows how to entertain.

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**GREAT WHITE FLEET**

how right they are, for the ankles look so much slimmer in them that it is worth the trouble to find a model that fits perfectly. However, with new friendliness and tolerance, the men have been gracious about high-cut shoes for daytime and—since they were amused rather than scandalized by red toenails—about toeless sandals for evening.

I don't think, though, that the boys will ever be nice about freak head-dresses with evening clothes. They are merely embarrassed and bewildered at present, but the revolt will come. Apparently, we poor frail wisps of femininity haven't enough grasp of essentials to learn to put something on our hair that men will think becoming; but for after dark in general, for moonlight and romance, baybee, we are getting along all right. For what are we trustful, big-eyed belles doing? Putting on flowing chiffons, taffeta dresses with puffed sleeves, and skirts that softly swish fringe for ze dainty, naughty touch. All to bring out the dreams and the beast in man.

This new surrender to man's taste may have far-reaching economic consequences. Who knows? All this fine talk of the independence of women and the glories of wage-earning may disappear like a puff of smoke. (Smoke color is very smart this year.) Our present submission might even mean that we would allow the boys to start paying for our clothes again.—L. L.

## WINES & LIQUORS

### Beers, Imported

**D**ESPITE the high duty of fifty cents a gallon and the consequent high cost per glass, New Yorkers are drinking about twice as much imported beer as they were drinking one year ago. Most of it is pretty fine beer, too, when you get it on draught. (There is no use pretending that the lighter Continental beers are nearly as good in the bottle as drawn from the wood.) One of the best nowadays is Heineken's, a beer that was hardly known at all here in the days of Shanley's, Churchill's, and Jack's. Heineken's is at its superlative best drawn from the keg aboard a Holland-America liner, but if there is no liner handy, you can find it at many good bars and restaurants around town.

Pale yellow, of fine and delicate flavor, less hoppy than Pilsner, and deceptively light-bodied, this Rotterdam beer, rightly served, is one of the best that can be found anywhere. Rightly served means, chiefly, served not too

cold, for Heineken's, as well as other sensitive, light, European beers, with their higher albuminous content, grows cloudy when excessively chilled, and its flavor is deadened.

Too many of our local bartenders skim off the lovely crest of a fine beer, giving it time neither to rise nor to set. There is only one way to serve a well-kept imported beer: to let the first foam rest for a minute or so, allowing the beer to run out of it, then to fill the remainder of the glass slowly, so that the head rises, proud and beautiful, like a fragile, white meringue, above the rim of the glass. That is the way Luchow's tells its bartenders to serve its Würzburgers, but even there, on a busy afternoon, the boys behind the bar sometimes do not take the time to do this. Most bartenders decapitate the foam while it still is virtually liquid, leaving a shrunken body cowering in the glass beneath something that is more a watery neck than a noble head.

Of the three Würzburger sisters, I have always preferred the Märzen, the Würzburger of Luchow's before prohibition. Neither light nor dark, not too sweet, and mild without being thin, it is a beer which, as far as I know, one can go on drinking forever. The pale Würzburger seems to me but a feeble echo of the sonorous Pilsner, and the dark lacks depth and greatness.

For the tingling, bitter taste and aromatic flavor of Saazer hops, reputedly the finest grown, there is no better beer, to my taste, than Pilsner Urquell—the only true Pilsner, as far as I know, in town. The taste of Pilsner Urquell stays in the mouth, like a racy old Madeira. This flaxen beer from Pilsen has been coming over here since long before the war, when Czechoslovakia was only a patriotic dream and the Hapsburgs ruled Bohemia. The Germans themselves try to imitate it, not to speak of brewers some miles nearer to New York, and many have paid it the compliment of corrupting the meaning of the word Pilsner to a "typical" designation, as the Californians have done with "Cognac" and "Sauternes." There is but one Pilsner, and Pilsen is its wellspring. The Blue Ribbon, on West 44th Street, serves a good glass of Pilsner. So do the Waldorf-Astoria Bar, the Astor Bar, and the Little Czechoslovakia Restaurant, Second Avenue near 73rd.

**I**F beer means enough to you to go adventuring for it, you might like to know about William Doscher's, at 1200 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, on whose bar

spill the suds of no less than five European brews. In addition to Heineken's, Herr Doscher has on draught Würzburger Edelbräu, Budweis, Dortmunder Union, pale, light-flavored, and somewhat hoppy; and Münchner Kindlbräu, an interesting, rather sweet beer, strong in alcohol. He has only two dark beers—Münchner Kindlbräu and Würzburger Doppel Bock.

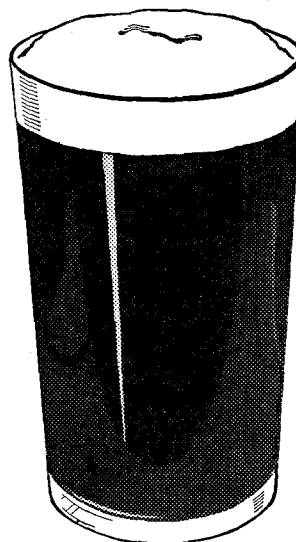
While you are in Brooklyn, drop in at Peter Luger's, at the corner of Broadway and Driggs Avenue. Here is to be found another Bohemian beer: Aussig Pilsner, which should really be called Aussiger and not Pilsner, coming, as it does, from Aussig. Anyway, Aussiger is a fine, soft, and light beer, less massive than Pilsner, yet unmistakably of Czech origin, with its spicy lupulin flavor. At the same place is Nürnberger Tucherbräu, creamy and brown, and not too sweet.

**G**UINNESS stout is no more mysterious as to ingredients than any other beer, being made of malt, hops, and water, but no one on this side has ever produced anything comparable to it, not because the formula's a secret, but because making stout the slow and simple way is too much trouble and too expensive. The stout owes its color and part of its flavor to the roasted barley malt which is added to the regular malt mash, but the richness of Guinness is due more to the colorless ingredients, the malt extract and the yeast, than to the things which make it dark.

Guinness, over here, is customarily mixed with lighter beers, as if it were too potent to be taken alone, which it decidedly isn't. Its sleep-inducing properties, too, are overrated compared with the hoppier light beers of the Continent. The hops themselves bear a definite, harmless soporific (lupulin), and a glass of Pilsner or a glass of Burgerbräu from Budweis is one of the best nightcaps in existence. This Burgerbräu, by the way—the original, Czechoslovakian one—is on draught at Luchow's, side by side with its Würzburg cousins and unabashed in that royal company.

If at the hops end of the beer scale stands Pilsner, at the barley end stands Bass's ale. *Hopfen und Malz! Gott erhalt's!* The one subtle, yet sharp and spicy; the other round and full and solid, robust and forthright. Bass's regular ale, brewed at Burton-on-Trent (it's not Trent water, though, but Bass's own wells, which supply the solvent for the famous mash), is obtainable

# Stout Song for a Winter's Day



*The most popular  
brew in the world*

*When that the chilling Norther blows,  
And Winter tells a heavy tale,  
When Pyes and Dawes and Rookes and Crows  
Do sit and curse the frost and snows,  
Oh give me stout brown ale!*

Adapted from an old drinking song in "Merry Drollery Compleat"

**I**N olden times men sought the good cheer of stout brown ale in the coldest winter weather. Today the word "ale" has been dropped, but since 1759 Guinness has been brewed "stout brown" in the same unhurried way.

Guinness is brewed in Dublin by a natural process, from barley malt, hops, yeast and water—nothing else. Nor is anything added to brighten or sweeten Guinness. None of its healthful elements is filtered out for the sake of sparkle. It is aged for a year—first in oak vats and then in Bottle.

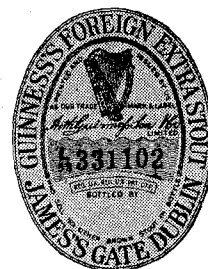
Because of this method of brewing, Guinness brings natural and unfailing enjoyment. It's a cold wind, indeed, that can chill your spirits, once you've developed a taste for Guinness.

★ Guinness is enjoyed before or during meals, after exercise or when tired, and before retiring. You should be able to get it wherever you buy good beer or ale.

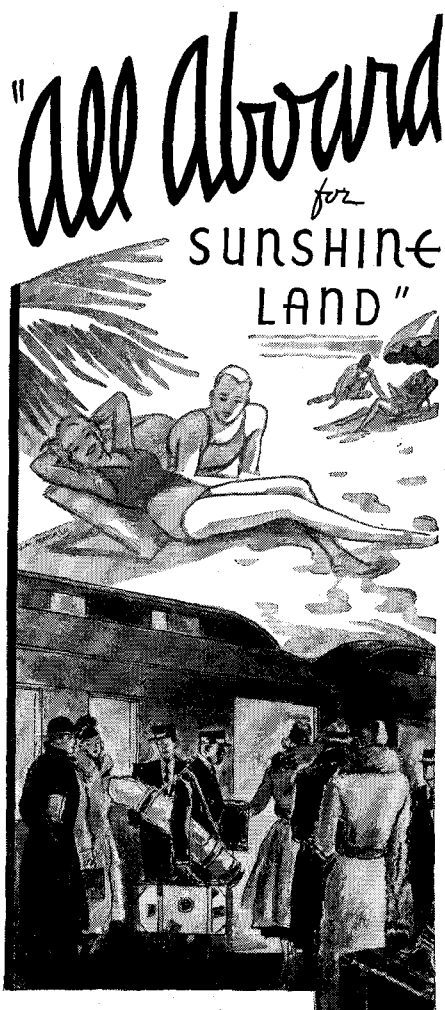
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Winter is forgotten—where  
spicy breezes from Tropicsles  
lull one to love, laughter and  
contentment—and wonder-  
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nearly everywhere. In the old days, there was a great potter made about "bottlings" of Bass. So-and-So's bottling was better than someone else's, and all that. There was some effort made to spur our interest in Bass bottlings after repeal, but that has happily died. Bass is Bass, whether it's Dog's Head or White Label, if you ask me.

We have Bass's No. 1, better known as Barley Wine, with us now in a few places. It is the most barleyish of beers, and the word "wine" in this connection is hardly misplaced. Barley Wine has the same peculiar, burnished-gold color of Bass's ale, but, I am glad to say, lacks the excessive carbonation of bottled Bass and possesses a much greater intensity of flavor—a winter beer, if ever there was one. Charles & Company have it, as well as the Monterey Delicatessen, 707 Amsterdam Avenue, and you can have it over the bar at Gilhuly's, Eighth Avenue near 46th Street; the Dublin Grill, Broadway and 49th; and Jack and Charlie's.

**LESS-KNOWN Foreign Beers Worth Trying:** Carnegie's Swedish stout—at Scandinavian restaurants, and Kerr's, 6004 Eighth Avenue, Brooklyn.... A delicious dark beer is Ringnes Bok Beer, from Oslo, brought in, mainly for Norwegians, by Strohmeyer & Arpe, 139 Franklin Street. Call them at Walker 5-7110.... And golden Tuborg, from Denmark, to be found at most of the Scandinavian places. But where, oh, where, is glorious Carlsberg, its deeper-tinted Danish sister, one of the finest of them all? The nearest bit of U. S. territory I know where it can be obtained (and at ten cents the generous, foaming seidel) is Joe Petersen's Bar, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands—something for winter sojourners to remember. —T. M.

## HOW'S THAT AGAIN DEPARTMENT?

[A letter to the editor of  
Advertising & Selling]

The difficulty with some of us is—at least it is my difficulty—that we deal with problems so much in the abstract, and with technical and rather involved minds, which must necessarily be so on account of our involved problems, that we become so reconciled to the use of terms commensurate with the problem, that unless we stop to think when we write advertisements of this kind, we are apt to fail to put our minds in the position they should be, to properly approach the problem.

ALFRED P. SLOAN, JR., president,  
General Motors Corporation,  
New York.

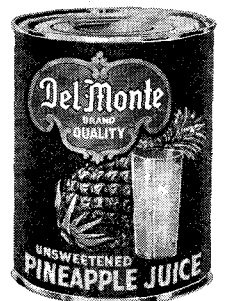


Good? That doesn't begin to describe it! Pineapple Juice—as DEL MONTE packs it—is about the  *freshest, most flavorful*  fruit drink that ever soothed a thirsty throat!

Just pure, natural, juice of course. Unsweetened. But how *ripe*  tasting. Gloriously rich juice—from selected, juicy-ripe pineapples.

In short, a pineapple juice we're proud to recommend. And you know what that *means* —if you'll think of the many other DEL MONTE Foods you've used—and *preferred* !

Why not give it at least a trial? See if this isn't just the pineapple juice you've been waiting to find!



IT'S  
**Del Monte**  
**PINEAPPLE JUICE**

PURE • NATURAL • UNSWEETENED

## MUSICAL EVENTS

*Wagner, Stravinsky,  
Tchaikovsky, and Grofé*



**F**RESHENING up the casts of operas is good business, and it often results in good opera. When "Siegfried" arrived at the Metropolitan last week, there was a new Brünnhilde (Mme. Flagstad), a new Erda (Mme. Thorborg), a new Voice of the Forest Bird (Miss Andrevá), and a new Mime (Mr. Laufkoetter). Add these to such established founts of merit as the Messrs. Melchior, Schorr, and Bodanzky, and you get a "Siegfried" that knocks down even those who have been oversold on the production by Wagnerians who love everything.

Mme. Flagstad is about the perfect "Siegfried" Brünnhilde, not only vocally (it was the season's number-one cinch bet that she would be) but also in action. Mme. Thorborg was working against a tremolo, and she almost outthought it, for everything she does is intelligent; but one can't outthink a tremolo. Miss Andrevá piped brightly if not always sweetly.

The audience went for Mr. Laufkoetter's Mime, which was clever and remarkably tuneful. From what I hear, Wagner didn't intend Mime to be quite such an ingratiating old thing as Mr. Laufkoetter makes him—which, however, didn't seem to interfere with the new tenor's success.

A second performance of "The Tales of Hoffmann" brought along a condensed cast, for Mme. Bovy appeared as all four of Hoffmann's *rêves d'amour*. This was as it should have been in the first place, and so was Mme. Bovy, who was delightful, delicious, delovely. Mr. Maison was a capital new Hoffmann, and much of the nonsense from the first showing had been eliminated in the staging. There's still some to remove, beginning with the green light that pursues Mr. Tibbett. A week in Newark would turn this production into a smash.

**M**R. STRAVINSKY surprised even his worshippers by conducting his "Rites of Spring" with the Philharmonic-Symphony last week so brilliantly that he didn't seem like a composer-conductor, but only like a conductor. He's

NO MORE  
*Chapped  
Lips*



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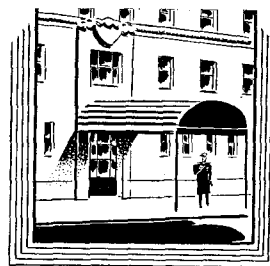


Even Placid loses its appeal — if you spend the week-end nursing a pair of tender, chapped lips. Enjoy this winter as you did last summer — with lips unmarred by tears and cuts. Smoke V. R. CORN TIPS! You'll find them unique—not only stick-proof, but moisture proof as well. Lovely lips deserve Corn Tips.

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Have you learned  
to say  
"B-r-r-r"

• More and more, those who have learned to extract the maximum pleasure from a pick-me-up at lunch or dinner, say "B-r-r-r" when they're ordering. They've found that BYRRH, France's most famous aperitif wine, has a mild, dry richness that stimulates the appetite and lightens your mood. As many as 40,000,000 bottles of BYRRH have been consumed in France in one year. We offer that as self-evident proof of its goodness.

BYRRH, popular throughout Europe for more than 70 years, is a blended wine, dry, pungent, delicious, that seems to contain the very laughter, warmth and wit of France. It is a stimulating aperitif. An excellent cocktail base. Many enjoy it plain with soda. At the better hotels, bars, restaurants and liquor stores.

*Byrrh*  
(very dry)

says the Frenchman for  
his favorite aperitif wine

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been a welcome guest, and one of his gifts was the orchestra's first presentation of Tchaikovsky's third symphony, not entirely a novelty to those who have heard Albert Coates' striking recording of the music. It's not a great symphony, yet it deserves further attention from fellows who conduct orchestras, preferably not composers.

TCHAIKOVSKY's own story, always something of a mystery, finally is told in "Beloved Friend," by Catherine Drinker Bowen and Barbara von Meck. Mrs. Bowen is the author of one of the most engaging little books ever written about chamber music—"Friends and Fiddlers," a volume that almost persuaded me that chamber music in the home is as much fun as people who play it say that it is. Mme. von Meck is the widow of Vladimir von Meck, grandson of Nadejda von Meck, with whom Tchaikovsky had a strange, purely epistolary romance.

Readers of Tchaikovsky biographies or program notes know that Nadejda von Meck was Tchaikovsky's patroness for almost fifteen years, first "commissioning" music from him, then supplying him with a pension. Tchaikovsky and his benefactress never met, because Tchaikovsky thought that distance would lend enchantment. Mrs. Bowen, who did the actual writing of "Beloved Friend" (Nadejda's granddaughter translated the letters and furnished facts), traces this odd adventure from the day in December, 1876, when Nicholas Rubinstein first aroused Nadejda's interest in the composer, to and beyond its unresolved conclusion, when Nadejda withdrew her support and, apparently, her interest.

The relationship between Tchaikovsky and Nadejda, however, is only the frame for a remarkable portrait of the composer. Mrs. Bowen tells us that "the very structure and architecture of the man's personality" was his homosexuality, a fact "hitherto strangely ignored or covered up by his biographers." His sense of guilt, his desperate efforts to conceal his abnormality, account for the shyness and frequent morbidity of the man, and perhaps for the hysterical tragedy which some commentators find in his music. "Beloved Friend" doesn't dodge the issue, but it doesn't exploit it. It's a sane, sympathetic, hugely competent presentation of a human being, and even when the writing sometimes goes a little rhetorical, it's the right orchestration for the material.

Much of the book is based on letters

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Booklet. . . . LEE H. BARNES, Manager

**ST. PETERSBURG - FLORIDA**

and information not previously available, and Mrs. Bowen was exactly the writer to convert the data into a volume. It's fascinating stuff, even for those who don't know a flat from an apartment house, as Leopold Godowsky used to say.

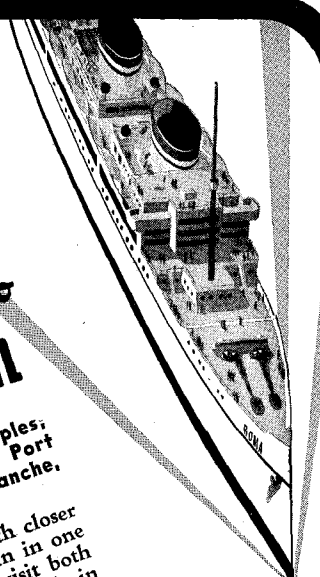
"I'M a music critic by profession, but I'm going to try to forget it this evening," remarked Leonard Liebling, the genially helpful distributor of "program palaver" (that's what the Carnegie Hall program books called it) at Ferde Grofé's concert, and most of the audience forgot everything except that it was having a good time listening to the excellent orchestra. It was a high, wide, handsome—and long—evening, with lots of music about Harlem, Cuba, Shanghai, sob sisters, the Fourth of July, and other inspirations of the ladies and gentlemen who compose *le jazz hot* and *le jazz symphonique*.

Concerts of this order are likely to run to familiar patterns, but Mr. Grofé came up with several ungrooved inventions, including his own suite, "Hollywood," which was heard last season, but without benefit of orchestra, when the Hollywood Ballet mimed it at the Metropolitan Opera House. In its orchestral setting, the score sounded like something which some ballet troupe ought to annex immediately. The Selinsky string quartet had a dazzling summary of four Gershwin melodies—a presentation which would make several kinds of sensation at the Beethoven Association concerts—and there was extraordinary piano playing by Miss Rosa Linda and Charles Baum.

THE first snow of the year fell on a busy day for Erno Balogh, who accompanied Garfield Swift at his Town Hall début recital, and appeared in Carnegie Hall a few hours later to play piano for Leo Cherniavsky's violin concert. Mr. Swift is a young baritone whose voice isn't yet fully developed, but he knows how to make an ingenious program and he has a genuine knack for selling his songs. Mr. Cherniavsky, formerly of the Cherniavsky Trio, is an experienced performer and an effective virtuoso. He has a tendency to go at the music with so much enthusiasm that sometimes his tone, normally a fine one, becomes uneven and compositions get out of shape. Perhaps the storm was responsible.

Mr. Balogh evidently thrives on storms, as his accompaniments for both artists were excellent.

—ROBERT A. SIMON



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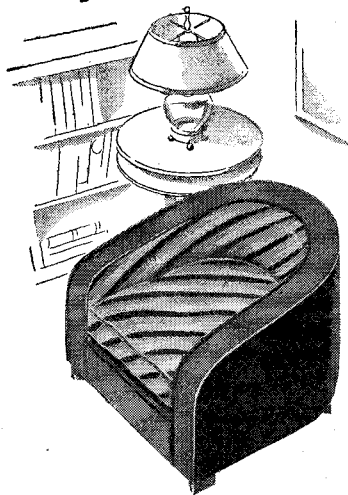
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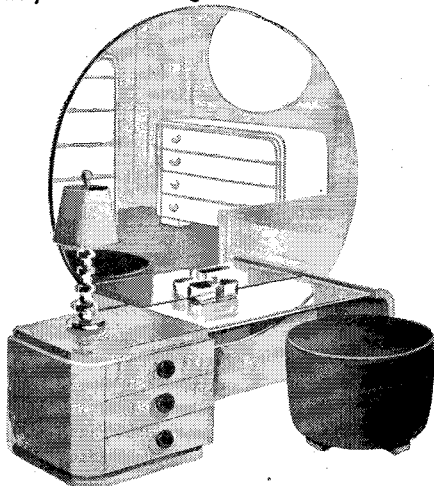
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## LETTER FROM PARIS

JANUARY 20

PARIS's forthcoming World's Fair of 1937 was originally supposed to take place in 1936. There's now a suspicion that if the Fair had been scheduled to open last year, it might have been ready to open this year. As in everything else in Paris, there are two schools of thought on this subject, both dogmatic. The government, since this has become its show, swears that the Fair will open, like a beautiful steel-and-stucco flower, promptly on May 1st. The opposition says that the Fair can't open till July, and then only if another hundred million francs are voted for it. To an innocent and unbiassed promenader, the Fair at present consists simply of several miles of seven-foot board fence, above which most of the buildings aren't yet tall enough to show. In theory, the Fair is to occupy seven kilometres on both banks of the Seine, from the Place de la Concorde to the Pont de Passy—two hundred and fifty acres in all. Paris's most recent expositions were the Colonial and the Decorative Arts; the new one is officially to be called the International Exposition of Arts and Technics, though so far it has shown no signs of either.

It's ironical that Premier Blum's major social reforms have delayed the Exposition, and though he had nothing to do with conceiving the project in 1933, he'll be blamed in 1937 if it falls through because of strikes, the forty-hour week, increased wages, augmented costs caused by the devaluation of the franc, and the resultant broken contracts and broken estimates. Real industrial nervousness, loss of faith in the Fair, and above all an understandable ill will have already led the owner class to cancel some of its expensive stands and show buildings. The great industries have all abstained from participating in the Exposition—even the electrical industry, though fantastic new applications of lighting were to have been the Fair's chief charm. While a recent test of some aerial floodlights focussed on the Place de la Concorde succeeded only in blinding taxi-drivers, tests made at the Tour Eiffel, which at a flash turned into what looked like a mile-high pillar of jewels by Cartier, were breath-takenly beautiful. There have also been administrative flareups. Republican Fair officials prevented the Russians from erecting a 230-foot tow-



er surmounted by a gigantic hammer and sickle and forced them to content themselves with a more modest affair, which will be the same size as the Nazi edifice glowering at it from across the street. The German pavilion is to be built of expensive cut stone, and after the Exposition will be unbuilt, stone by stone, and set up in Nuremberg.

At this moment, only one thing is dead sure about Paris's Exposition. If it doesn't open in May in time to catch the backwash of Americans and British colonials already in the region for London's Coronation, the Fair need not bother to open at all. The rest of Europe has no money to throw away on anything so pleasant and peaceful as visiting an Exposition of Arts and Technics on the banks of the Seine.

TED PECKHAM, the boy from Cleveland who launched the Guide Escort Service in New York, through which lorn ladies could rent a guaranteed Harvard, Yale, or Princeton man to squire them around town at night, has just opened his Paris branch. While a diploma from a fashionable alma mater may be enough of a credential for a guide in Manhattan, it is to be noted that a French cavalier has to produce a mother who is in the *Almanach de Gotha*, or at least in *Tout Paris*, just as the escorts in London have to be in *Debrett's* or *Burke's Peerage*. Peckham's committee of backers here is not to be sneezed at—the Marquis and Marquise Melchior de Polignac, the Cercle Interallié, Prince and Princesse Beauvau-Craon, André de Fouquières, and the Exposition. So far, about one hundred sprigs of the French nobility are enrolled—for, of all things, patriotic reasons. They and their elders feel that American ladies have in the past been getting bad notions about France and Frenchmen. There is among aristocrats, as well as the humbler classes, a desperate realization that the Exposition must fill tourists with admiration for Paris, and fill Paris with tourists. The Paris escorts come cheaper than the New York and London lads. The charge for a Frenchman is only 200 francs for the evening, until 2 A.M., and 100 francs an hour from then on. While an American escort's drinking is limited, the Frenchman can have all he wants, provided it's only champagne; it is the experience of

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young Peckham, who hardly drinks at all, that Americans rarely know when to stop, and Frenchmen always do, though they might not if they began mixing things. Peckham is sending his clients to the Montparnasse Russian night clubs, the Rue de Lappe accordion bars (if the lady likes sawdust), the Bal Tabarin (for the cancan), the Monte Cristo, Florence's, and, above all, his and our perennial favorite, Bricktop's, which is open again, and indubitably the best after-three-A.M. spot behind the Dôme.

SOMETHING should be said about Edouard Bourdet's new direction of the classical state theatre, the Comédie-Française. To date, the most discussed of his productions was de Musset's "Le Chandelier," which was directed by Baty, one of the group of men who have courageously offered to charge themselves with redoing the old Comédie's pieces in an effort to save the theatre—from its faithful addicts, apparently. Intellectuals have admired the Baty "Le Chandelier," to which he has added an initial pantomime and a culminating chorus that would surprise de Musset and has horrified the Comédie's clients—modest, literate folk who, after years of attendance, blissfully mutter the play's lines along with the cast, and want no change in anything anywhere. They will be driven from their life-long weekly familiarity with Corneille, de Musset, and Molière, and be replaced, though perhaps only temporarily, by the fashionable friends of Bourdet—in the theatre which, after all, has been called *la maison Molière* since the days of Louis XV. —GENÊT

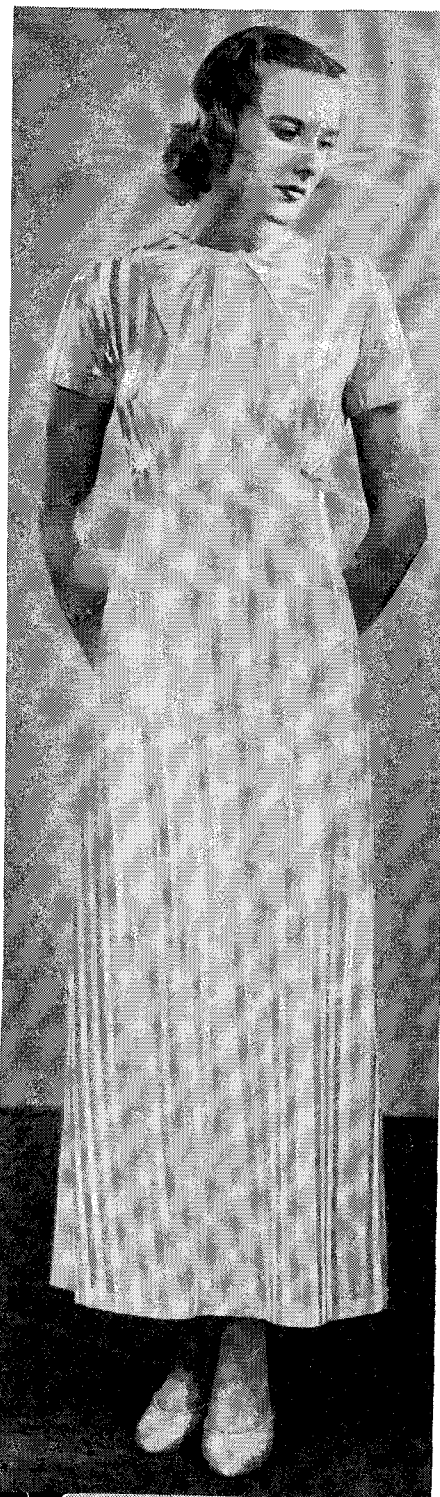
Second prize winner in the Christmas lighting contest of the Evanston Daily News-Index was shown on the right of the two exhibit pictures in Saturday's issue of the paper, and not on the left, as stated. This was the entry of J. J. McMahon, 1004 Harvard terrace.

The picture at the left, which was upside down, was not of Mr. McMahon's exhibit, as was stated, but was that of George L. Chamberlain's, 1020 Lake Shore Drive, which was given honorable mention by the judges.—Evanston (Ill.) Daily News-Index.

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## THE CURRENT CINEMA

*Married But Harassed*



IT would appear that neat little Sylvia Sidney is destined to be conspicuously unfortunate in her movie love life. In "Mary Burns, Fugitive," the choice of her heart proved to be a killer, and as a consequence of the attachment she was sentenced to fifteen years in prison. In "Fury," her affianced was suspected—wrongly, to be sure—of kidnapping, and she was compelled to behold the frenzy of a mob directed at him. In "You Only Live Once," she dedicates her affections to an ex-convict, who is taken from her, on new charges, in the very midst of the honeymoon and deposited in the death house. This is but the beginning of her troubles, for he escapes and she joins him, flees with him, and, indeed, dies with him, is shot down with him. I feel obliged to add that she is shot down with him in the version that I saw. I discover that in such cases it is occasionally a practice of movie people to be ready with two endings. So it is possible that some folk will find that the fugitives escape and are seen at last, across the "border," in a secluded and luxurious villa. However, I myself am not interested in any such conclusion, and thought the present tragic denouement the strong conclusion of a strong and exciting and altogether satisfactory film.

The general outline and material of "You Only Live Once" is familiar stuff. It's not until you leave the picture and look back upon the whole affair that you realize this. I think it even comes a bit as a surprise to discover that you have been absorbed for the thousandth time in a romance of a picturesque jailbird and his loyal sweetheart. Again an ex-convict is condemned to death for a crime of which he was innocent, and again, at the crucial moment, he manages a sensational escape. There is the usual effort to go straight, and the poignance of the wan marriage with all the world against it. And there's the baby, the ultimate addendum to the tale of tears. Yes, there is everything in "You Only Live Once," and it is so arranged and handled that it seems fresh and thoroughly enlivening, which triumph is due, I assume, to the harmonious Miss Sidney and Henry Fonda, and to

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Fritz Lang, who directed the picture.

Mr. Lang, you remember, also handled that "Fury" we've just been talking about. There he produced the best mob scene the screen has ever shown us, a mob superior not in size but in the care of the detail and types. The same care and discretion set off this new film. The detail makes an old stamping ground like a death house seem quite new. There are gadgets like the electric eye that "sees" metal, and the tiny slots through which visitors to the death house may face the convicts they are calling on. It isn't the detail that is so obvious—but it must have been considered too—in the broad, big scenes, the prison yard at night and the like, which are as dramatically photographed as were the scenes in "Winter set." As an incidental episode, there's as trim and surprising a bank robbery as you may expect to find. Altogether, you may perceive that the background and the situations are such as to deserve the best attentions of the sympathetic young performers most involved. In the midst of the gunfire, they are most touching, and when the police trap them at last and shoot them down, it is gratifying that they may so beautifully die together in each other's arms in a lovely glade. I am sure a happy ending, with or without the villa, would but profane the film.

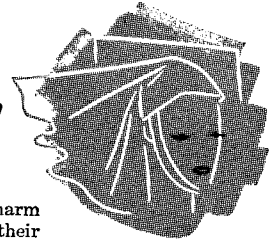
**T**wo MORE: A mystery concerning those sinister figures who teach in our colleges is the major ingredient of "Under Cover of Night." A professor of physics throws his wife's pet dog out of the window and then murders right and left, to the consternation of the faculty. My favorite villain, Henry Daniell, plays the college killer here, but the whole actually is too nondescript for his talent. "Three Smart Girls" is inclined to be too prankish as it tells how three daughters frustrate the silly romance of their foolish old papa. One of the trio is played by Deanna Durbin, has a pretty voice and sings. Alice Brady talks her down most of the time, though. Her voice has its own quality.  
—JOHN MOSHER

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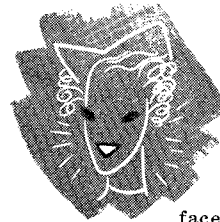
... through a typographical error an item regarding L. E. Churchville in last week's issue under the caption "The Merry Go Round" on page 16, fifth item from the bottom of the last column should have read "without whom any outing is not such a good time" and not just "with whom."

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# THE ART GALLERIES

## *In Retrospect*

A FEW years ago one of the windows on Fifty-seventh Street showed a small seascape by an artist named Thomas Moran. At the time I did not know whether the painter was an American or an Englishman, and there was nothing about the work that would have identified it easily, although one might have placed it roughly in the English landscape tradition after Constable. While this little painting was not a masterpiece, it was good enough to halt one's eye more than once during the many months it remained in the window, and I wondered if the painter had ever done anything else half as good. Doubtless I could have identified the artist and placed his work had I glanced at the index of Caffin's old volume on American painting. But I didn't, and the painter probably would have remained in the compartment occupied by "places I might have visited, books I might have read, and girls I might have made love to" had the Newhouse Galleries not just put on a memorial show of this artist's work.

This Thomas Moran, who was born in 1837 and died in 1926, was one of the natural successors to Bierstadt. He flourished after the Civil War, and for two generations he turned out a remarkably even and accomplished product. If Moran followed Bierstadt's steps in exploring the grander scenic monuments of the West, he certainly improved his formula, and his color was far more brilliant and far more faithful than that of the Hudson River School. Here is Nature as the geologist, the botanist, or the meteorologist might like to see it transcribed to canvas—so patiently studied, so carefully detailed that one could identify the strata, or predict the weather next day from the look of the sky. Moran's "Red Rock, Arizona," done as late as 1902, is just the sort of painting that would be ideal as a background for a wild-life group in a natural-history museum. But the seascape that I remember is not in this exhibition, and unless my memory plays me false, none of these paintings come up to it. One cannot put Moran in a class with Homer Martin, or even Blakelock; he remains, rather, one of those illuminated mediocrities who, almost in the face of their knowledge and principles, sometimes produce one or two good paintings. They are like the

poets represented in the anthologies by a single quatrain. The whole duty of the succeeding generation consists in selecting the quatrain.

BETWEEN the Moran memorial exhibition and the retrospective show of John Taylor Arms' drawings and prints at the Grand Central Art Galleries there is a real connecting link. They have a common source in the doctrines that held that Nature was an exemplar of both truth



and beauty as they were preached by John Ruskin in the middle of the nineteenth century. Moran's heavy reliance upon Turner, and even more upon Ruskin's interpretation of Turner, comes out in his meticulous drawing, to say nothing of his views of Venice and his transfiguration of Turner's Alpine studies. Arms' derivation from Ruskin is equally plain. There is the same love for Gothic architecture, the same delight in the stones of Venice, and above all there is that fine skill with the pencil which Ruskin might have cultivated for a life's career if his literary talent had not been so impetuously abundant.

Don't think that I point out these linkages with either condescension or contempt. Nowadays only childish professors sneer at Ruskin and glory in his weaknesses and inconsistencies and pettishnesses—attracted, no doubt, by qualities with which they are themselves most familiar. The spirit of naturalism in painting, which Ruskin proclaimed, long ago ceased to represent a fresh attitude toward the world of reality, but the sober love of facts is a steadying influence on both mind and hand, and every artist worth his salt returns to Nature in order to get fresh sustenance for his personal growth. As a matter of fact, the weakest prints in Arms' show are those aquatints of sea and harbor in which Arms' Pre-Raphaelite fidelity is suppressed in favor of empty design.

Arms' work has two sides: the etchings, upon which his present high reputation among print collectors most heavily rests, and the preparatory pencil drawings. The latter seem to me the more important. In the etchings, technical virtuosity is at the mercy of an overwhelming passion for detail; there are pictures, like those of the gargoyles (Nos. 74 and 294), in which the texture of the stone is rendered with a ter-

rifying precision. They recall the way in which a good story may be spoiled by a person cursed with "total recall."

One respects the craftsmanship displayed in this laborious delicacy of tonal effects and textures, but more often than not the underlying beauty of line is obscured in the finished presentation. Arms' drawings, on the other hand, are done with a firm, unwavering touch in which the pencil is held with the even poise of an etcher's needle. Here the method itself leads to an emphasis not of light and shade and texture but of line, and sometimes the beauty achieved is beyond any mere craftsmanship: only a real artist could make this selection. Arms' drawings are not merely perfect of their own kind, like his etchings of buildings; they show, within the superficial convention of accurate representation, a very special aesthetic merit.

There are churches in Spain, recently destroyed, whose image will be preserved for the world only through the studies that John Taylor Arms made of them. That, like some of the work done by the WPA artists for the "Index of American Design," would be an honorable justification for this type of craftsmanship. But one can't help speculating upon what Arms' reputation might now be had he used his talents in depicting fashionable contemporary objects, like engine valves and machines, instead of Old World villages and medieval buildings. His loving accuracy would then, I suspect, have been hailed as one of the most imposing symbols of the Machine Age.

ALEXANDER JAMES' show at the Walker Galleries will have departed by the time you read these lines, but I can't forgo comparing notes if by chance you were lured by the name and dropped in. This James is one of the three sons of the famous philosopher, and it is interesting to see how the psychological interests of the father and the uncle have carried through to the second generation. Boston is probably one of the worst places in the country for the development of an aesthetic talent; it has been so, if not from the time of Copley, at least from the period of Washington Allston. There is something glib and weak and dashing, what one may call the decayed Sargent touch, in Alexander James' earlier work, as the portrait of Joanne Shaw indicates, but a few of his more recent paintings, particularly his own self-portrait and that of a Negro, show



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a deeper aesthetic grasp and a maturing delight in the gnarled surfaces of the human face.

**T**HIS seems a good place for some more retrospective criticism. Mirron Sokole's oils at the Midtown Galleries followed the show of gouaches he had at the same place last year, and they demonstrate a real advance. These landscapes are of American villages, for the most part, but the emphasis is upon the scene rather than upon the American, and the drama and action of the picture are embodied not in people but in the swerve of a hill or the burst of a white building, appearing like a headlight on a dark road. Sokole has not the same grasp of the human figure that he has of the component parts of the landscape; that part of his equipment probably needs evening out. If anything should spur him to this, it would perhaps be a contemplation of the work of Maurice Utrillo, whose paintings of the so-called "white period" are now on at Bignou's. In the treatment of wall and sky, the crumbliness of stucco and the infiltration of light through a Paris street, Utrillo cannot be surpassed. But his streets are usually empty, as if it were always Sunday, and when a human figure appears in the landscape, it is an inadequate smudge that is entirely out of key with the way in which the rest of the painting is handled. Still, three or four of these canvases are among his best, and that is very fine indeed.

Please note the fresh and vigorous water colors by David Fredenthal, momentarily at the Downtown Gallery. Fredenthal's landscapes are sometimes a little too murky to be decipherable, murky without apparently any deep reason in subject or mood. He is, however, a lively draughtsman, and in the spacious water colors of human heads, and studies for frescoes, shows a fine sense of plastic values. I must say a word, too, about the almost hieratic paintings of Tschachbasov, recently at the A.C.A. Gallery. Tschachbasov is a Georgian by birth, and his best paintings have a stiff, Byzantine quality perhaps native to that part of the world: figures whose monotonous repetition enters into their deliberate symbolism—as in the choirboys and the Justices of the Supreme Court. I have not looked at this work often enough to be sure how well it would wear, but I suspect there may be a genuine talent here, although perhaps unevenly matured.

—LEWIS MUMFORD

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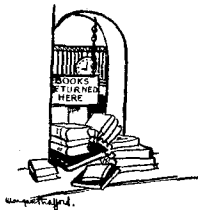
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## BOOKS

Guedalla



I CAN remember the time when there was no God but Guedalla, and every sophomore was his prophet. "Holding the mirror up to Nietzsche," "Any stigma will do to beat a dogma"—to quote the phrases was the very hallmark of sophistication, and to write like the author of "The Second Empire" the undergraduate's dream. But great historians are rarely clever, at any rate in England, and Mr. Guedalla has always wanted to be a great historian. For this reason, it may be, he has of late curbed his insouciance, deflated the airiness of his Oxford manner, and tended to weigh his phrases before turning them. To no avail. His talents are too much for him, and he remains the most brilliant of contemporary shallow historians. Not even the blurb-writer's timid announcement ("Guedalla is the greatest of modern historians") can alter my happy conviction that "The Hundred Years" is the best light reading to come my way for some time. As such, it is highly recommended.

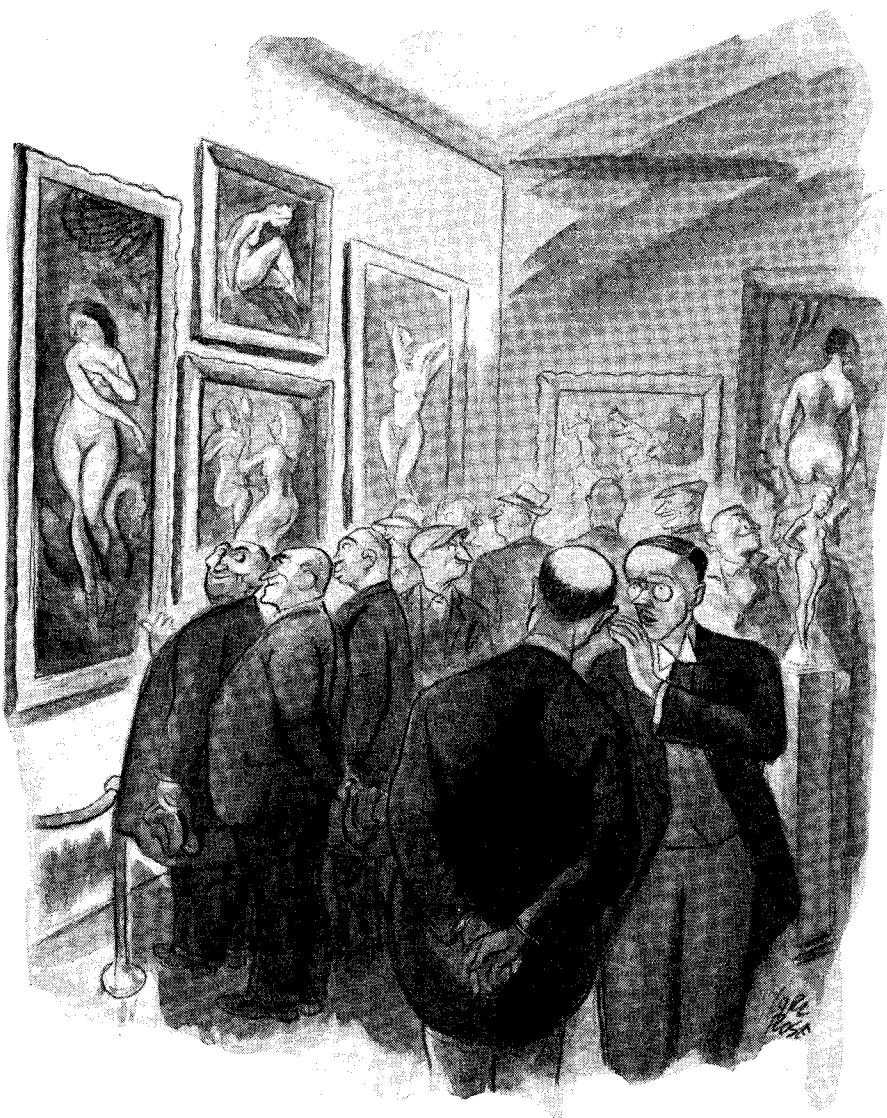
The book is "an attempt to describe the leading moments of the century [1837-1936] as they affected the leading units of the Western world"—Great Britain, France, Russia, Germany, and the United States. Guedalla's aim is "to throw a light bridge of connected narrative across the chasm of a hundred years," to offer the reader "not an arbitrary peepshow of picturesque events but an unwinding panorama in the last scene of which we are still living." Note that he wishes not to understand history but to describe it, to recall events, "reconstruct the past, set old breezes stirring once again, and—most elusive miracle of all—bring the dead back to life." Now, if this is the task of the historian, he is a historian; but I prefer to praise him rather as a plausible showman of animated historical waxworks, a necromancer of great dead moments. The true historian, surely, should furnish us with a key to the past, but Guedalla's key merely unlocks the doors of a picture gallery. The effect of Noel Coward's "Cavalcade" was emetic (did someone whisper cinematic?) and Mr. Guedalla's books are always delightful, yet I cannot keep from thinking that "Cavalcade" and "The Hundred Years"

enjoy, as works of history, much in common.

The summer dawn came through the trees at Kensington, and the first light of a June morning caught the windows of a little palace sleeping in its garden. Nothing stirred about the house, as daylight crept through the shutters and moved silently across the empty rooms. The palace slept in the summer dawn, and there was nothing stirring in the little courtyard or on the green outside. The world was still asleep; the little streets were empty; and beyond the quiet fields the gleaming reaches of the river crept towards London in the sunrise. All its streets and squares were still in shadow as the light touched the housetops, and the great city rarely stirred. But carriage-wheels, bearing two anxious gentlemen, were racing through the dawn towards the sleeping palace.

Now, you can't deny that that is darned pretty; and it is thus, elegantly

in character, that Mr. Guedalla begins to unroll his panorama. All these carefully deposited semicolons, these delicately rounded phrases, these musical touches and dying falls of prose are necessary to tell us that two beautifully stuffed shirts entitled, if you must know, Lord Conyngham and the Archbishop of Canterbury, are on their way to notify a pudgy girl-prude that she is to be Queen of England. And pretty much the same handling, with differences of detail, is accorded the Panic of 1837, the close of the Mexican War, the abdication of Louis-Philippe, the abortive Chartist revolt, the attack on Fort Sumter, the German occupation of 1871, the execution of Alexander II (by the Russian people, delegating a bomb as their agent), the Diamond Jubilee, the critical scenes of the Rus-



*"I somehow feel we're not getting quite the right sort of people up here, Mr. Reineman."*

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sian Revolution, etc. It is only fair to say that the treatment is not purely picturesque. After setting his scene, Guedalla usually ranges back and forth in an attempt to establish background and forge the links binding one event to another. But in the end we are left with the sense that we have been watching with enjoyment a colorful impressionist drama, whose chief actors are presidents and cabinets, kings and queens (the avid Guedalla simply cannot get enough of Victoria, for example). Everything is made clear, nothing understandable. Here at last is the Walter Lippmann of historical writing.

Guedalla would like to be called objective. But the trouble with objective history is that you are never quite sure whether the historian is gifted with Olympian detachment or merely hamstrung by a complete deficiency of ideas. Not that he does not advance a few leading theorems. Still, at best they seem generalizations, often witty and elegant, which clarify for the moment, only to fade like a glowing coal. "The true history of the United States is the history of transportation" is one of them. "The unpleasant rhythm of Russian history seemed to impose a fatal alternation of defeat and revolution" is another. It is not that these summaries are untrue. It is that their (partial) truth can become valuable only if one investigates what lies behind them. Guedalla is under the impression that such statements say something, whereas they are in reality but faint hints of the complex statement that remains to be made.

For his device Guedalla borrows Talleyrand's foxy sentence, "*Je ne blâme ni n'approuve; je raconte.*" But it is not all undiluted recounting. Could undiluted recounting have led him to the conclusion that "there was no compelling reason in economics or sociology for the War between the States"? Could it have led him to his interpretation of the Russian Revolution, which he treats with a kind of amiable scorn, as if it were a comic-opera overturn? Could it have led him to a dismissal of a still seriously studied system of thought as "a *Weltanschauung* which bore a distressing resemblance to a protracted bilious attack," which, if true, offers an interesting example of a bilious attack sufficiently protracted to convulse a nation of 160,000,000 people and initiate a new experiment in the ordering of human life? (It should be noted that Guedalla's objectivity is sufficiently flexible to allow him to pour a gentle stream of satire on rebels of

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EMMET LAVERY  
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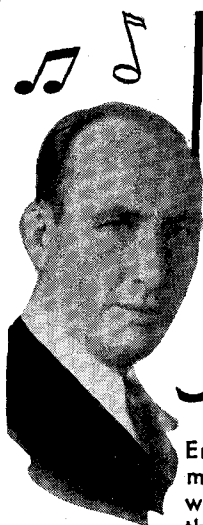
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all kinds, and rough, nasty people in general. In spite of all temptations to subscribe to other notions, he remains a gentleman.)

All of which does not alter the fact that "The Hundred Years" is a delightful book, and, despite the author's best efforts, full of Guedallagrams. "Tact was a vulgarism into which the Kaiser rarely lapsed" is worth saying by anyone who can say it that well. So is "Dictatorship is only a device by which an air of permanence is lent to temporary retrogressions." So is his summary of the relations between Albert the Dull and Victoria the Dowd: "Whilst his charms had won her love, his memoranda earned her gratitude." Years ago we began by admiring Philip Guedalla's wit, his easy learning, his irony, his phrases, his style. I think we shall end by admiring his wit, his easy learning, his irony, his phrases, his style. That should be enough to satisfy him. After all, any fool can become "the greatest historian of modern times." All he need do is employ the proper blurb-writer.

NOTE: On page 48 of this issue the reader will find a book review of "Beloved Friend," a biography of Tchaikovsky, which is the February selection of the Book of the Month Club. I wish gently to suggest that you needn't be a melomaniac to find the story interesting, as Mr. Simon makes clear. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

### BRIEFLY NOTED FICTION

RETURN TO LIFE, by Erich Ebermayer, translated from the German by Margaret Goldsmith. A young German professor is sent to prison for life for a murder which he denies having committed. He spends twenty-one quiet years as prison librarian, occupies himself with scholarly research during the short evenings before the lights go out, and dreams of the young girl in whose company he was when the murder was done. An unexpected pardon breaks in upon his peace and releases him to look for his old love. Mr. Ebermayer handles this fresh and arresting situation with less skill than it deserves, but in spite of improbabilities here and there, and a weak ending, he has written a thoroughly readable book. THE HAUNTED OMNIBUS, editing and foreword by Alexander Laing. A very good collection of ghost



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stories indeed—forty-two of them, including Wilkie Collins' novelette, "The Haunted Hotel," and many that may be unfamiliar even to connoisseurs. Not all of them are scary, one or two are only by courtesy tales of the supernatural, several are works of art, particularly those by A. E. Coppard. Lynd Ward's illustrations are appropriately sur-unrealist.

**TOLD WITH A DRUM**, by Edward Harris Heth. Another nice, respectable family of German-Americans harassed and just about destroyed by hysterical patriots during the World War. Mr. Heth has a simple, homely, convincing style; his descriptions of German domestic ritual are touching. Next time, he ought to choose a subject that hasn't been done so often.

**THE PERSIAN JOURNEY OF THE REVEREND ASHLEY WISHARD AND HIS SERVANT FATHI**, by Elgin Grose-close. This combination of travelogue and sermon—it can hardly be termed a novel—describes the adventures, physical and spiritual, of a well-intentioned young American missionary in Persia. As he loses his faith in Western "dynamic" (the author's favorite word) civilization, he gains an insight into the qualities that are supposed to bind all men together, Christian or Mohammedan. The prose is smooth and careful, the pious message inoffensively conveyed, and the sketches of Persian and Kurdish life are well done. This may turn out to be the religious novel the country appears to be panting for.

#### GENERAL

**FIFTY MILLION BROTHERS: A PANORAMA OF AMERICAN LODGES AND CLUBS**, by Charles W. Ferguson. Mr. Ferguson first explains why we join and then dives into his juicy material. The coverage is as complete, and amusing, as anyone could wish, including everybody from the Masons to the Prudent Patricians of Pompeii. One may also read a somewhat sobering twenty-page review of American Fascist organizations.

**MASS-CONSUMPTION**, by Frederick Purdy, with an introduction by Roger W. Babson. A detailed and interesting scheme for increasing purchasing power by cutting selling costs through a technique of "consumer-initiated control of production and exchange." What will happen to the middleman (and there are lots of him) is never quite clear. It is worth noting that where-

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as other panaceas (Townsend, Sinclair, *et al.*) arose from the small-income class, Mr. Purdy's proposal is backed by Roger Babson and a group of large industrialists.

**NICHOLAS II: PRISONER OF THE PURPLE**, by Mohammed Essad-Bey, English version by Paul Maerker Branden and Elsa Branden. Mr. Essad-Bey thinks the Czar has been grossly calumniated because his critics have approached him as if he were a normal man. He was really, the author points out, merely an unhappy mystic "destined to tread the path of autocracy." Except for the central interpretation, which is claptrap, this biography is readable enough. Illustrated.

**A PICTORIAL PRIMER OF YACHT RACING RULES AND TACTICS**, by Gordon C. Aymar. An admirable attempt to clarify the controversial rules of yacht racing by the use of models and photography. Misses being authoritative, as a few of the illustrations are misleading and incorrect, but every racing man should have a copy.

**ARE YOU A STOCKHOLDER?**, by Alden Winthrop. Purports to be "a complete exposure of the practices whereby corporations, tacitly aided and abetted by accountants and auditors, mislead their own stockholders." Mr. Winthrop names names and appears to know what he is talking about.

**PICTURING MIRACLES OF PLANT AND ANIMAL LIFE**, by Arthur C. Pillsbury. Interesting stuff for lapse-time microphotography fans, as well as for amateur botanists. Illustrated.

**AMERICAN HURLY-BURLY**, by Ernest Sutherland Bates and Alan Williams. A recital of the leading events of 1936, American only. Good rewrite job, infused with a little acid.

## MYSTERIES

**THE MAN IN THE BLUE MASK**, by Anthony Morton. Another gentleman buccaneer keeps London dowagers in a state of anxiety about their pearls, and at the same time makes a monkey out of the police. Winner of a \$7,500 mystery-novel contest.

**MURDERED: ONE BY ONE**, by Francis Beeding. The unforeseen results of a practical joke played on a serious-minded lady novelist. The plot is weak, but you will like the sidelights thrown on English suburban society with literary pretensions.

(NOTE: For our readers' convenience a list of recently recommended books appears on this page in the first issue of each month.)

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